

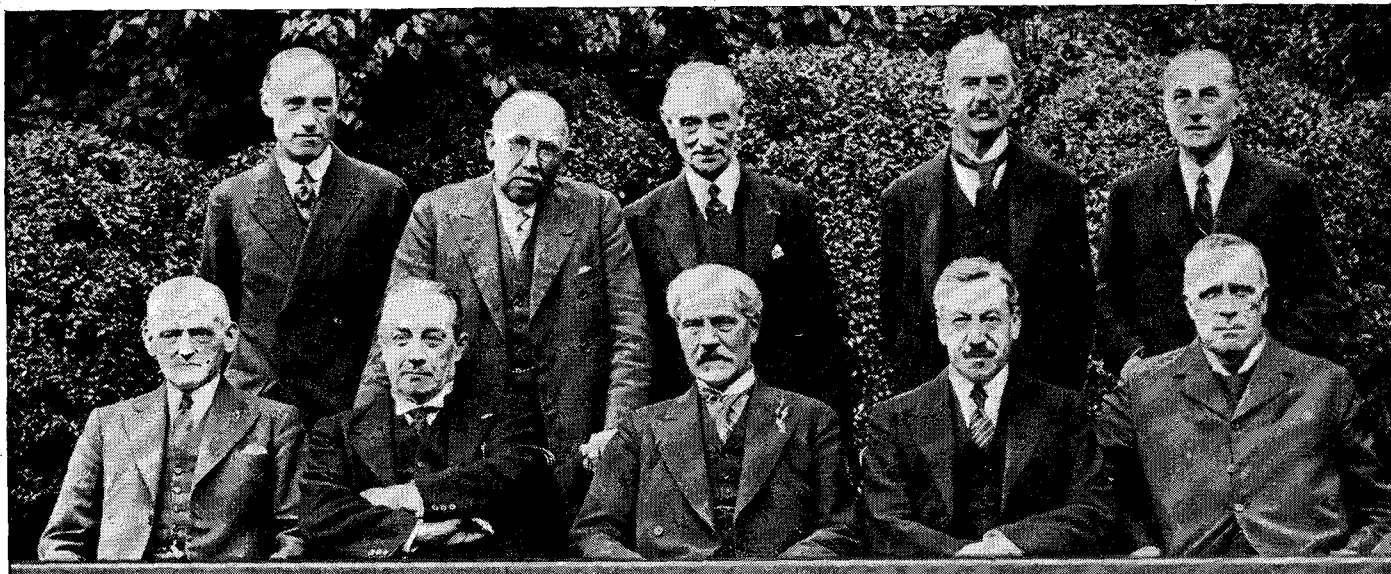
The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY



Acme photograph

The Men Who Suspended the Gold Standard—Britain's New National Government

Front row, left to right: Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council; Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister; Sir Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary; and Lord Sankey, Lord Chancellor. Second row, left to right: Sir P. Cunliffe Lister, President of the Board of Trade; J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions; Lord Reading, Foreign Secretary; Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health; and Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for India.

Britain's Farewell to Gold

HE WAS TELEPHONING—
“Oh, Fanny, sell every stock you own, England's gone on the gold standard!”

“Off it, you mean!” roared the husband overhearing this telephone conversation. “Never mind, dear,” answered the wife sweetly, “Fanny will be just as much frightened one way as the other.”

This incident reported to the New York *Evening Post* by the husband in the case might well illustrate the first unreasoning fears caused by the sudden announcement that Great Britain, so proud of her financial leadership, had abandoned the gold standard. Stock-market authorities made preparations against panics. There were apprehensive hours, but as the days went by and people began to realize what the British action really meant a calm settled down upon the disturbed markets and the perturbed statesmen and financiers of the world.

After all, the British Government had merely taken a step to conserve depleted gold holdings by suspending the individual's legal right to go to the Bank of England and get real gold in exchange for paper currency. It was recalled that twice before England temporarily abandoned the gold standard—from 1799 to 1821 and from 1914 to 1925. And England survived.

And so the stock markets of the world settled down to normalcy, the pound sterling did drop off in its foreign exchange value, but seemed to be approaching a level something like a 13 per cent. discount from its par value of \$4.86½ as express in our dollars.

There was reassurance for British listeners over the radio when

they heard the voice of the frail and hard-worked Chancellor of the Exchequer say:

“Consequences of abandonment of the gold standard are bound to be disagreeable in some ways. They may be serious, but they will not be disastrous or catastrophic.”

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, who guided England through the greater crisis of the World War, declares from his sick-bed that “British common sense will find its way out.” Arthur Henderson, Laborite, now head of his Majesty's opposition, describes the situation as one calling “for confidence, not despair; for steadiness, not panic.” The American banker, J. P. Morgan, breaking a rule against talking for publication, allows the Associated Press to quote him as saying in London that the British Government's gold decision is “a hopeful and not a discouraging event.”

But British opinion as represented by its press wavers between hope and doubt. The Laborite *Daily Herald* is glad that now the great financial powers of the world will have to call some sort of conference to consider the proper working of the gold standard. The Conservative London *Times*, the Unionist *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh, and the Liberal *News Chronicle* of London all seem to feel that British export trade will be helped. *The News Chronicle* puts it this way in a special cable report to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

“Ultimately the lower level of the pound will make it easier for us to export, and if the pound remains steady at the new lower level, and if other currencies do not come tumbling about

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our ears, we might hope to get into a position of better employment, but combined with some fall in the standard of living, owing to higher prices of all imported commodities."

Other editors wonder about this newly found optimism, the Manchester *Guardian* remarking:

"The public, which lately was warned that 'to go off gold' would be a grim disaster, now is flattered into expecting a glorious boom in home business, and may read with some perplexity that the dread event for which the new National Government was formed to avert turns out to be a milestone well on the way toward the millennium."

Across the Channel come cheering words by cable from Britain's former ally in the shape of *Le Petit Parisien's* announced belief that "she will win this victory," and the declaration of *Le Temps*: "England still is a sane force capable of establishing by her own means and power the indispensable prosperity of the world."

And in Italy there is a confidence in both the material and moral strength of Great Britain. *Popolo di Roma* knows that "British resources are a reality, not a myth," and Alberto de Stefani, former Italian Minister of Finance, writes in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan:

"England's salvation lies in her traditional belief that England's word once given her concrete will must be set to fulfil her pledges."

OUR cables report that in Germany there is a tendency to take the British situation as a lesson for the United States and France. It is now the task of those two countries, says ex-Finance Minister Rudolph Hilferding, in the Socialist *Vorwärts*, "to issue rapidly and effectively the stock of gold now idly lying in their cellars."

Don't let us be unduly alarmed, say the editors in this country. After all, explains *The Christian Science Monitor*, Britain's action "was not a tumble, but a stepping down." Great Britain simply went back to the gold standard too soon, is the explanation of the New York *Daily News*, which reminds us that other nations have had to take the same action with their currency, and it thinks that—

"Great Britain, instead of being pitied and worried about, is to be congratulated upon having done the right thing promptly and with solid public opinion behind the Government."

"British tariffs may come next, since the carrying trade is falling off for the great carrier of the world's freight, and the hack fare has to be replaced."

"Anyway, we congratulate the British people and their Government on what they have done, and hope this means the beginning of better times for Britain."

WE mustn't think too much about the complete collapse of the German mark, insists the Baltimore *Sun*, for the British situation is a very different thing—

"Faced by an incessant and essentially senseless drain upon her gold reserves, England had two alternatives."

"One was to ride the storm, honoring all drafts upon her reserves as long as the gold held out. That involved the risk of seeing all of her gold, a vital part of her financial set-up, go without staying the clamor for gold."

"The other alternative was to call a halt; to say, in effect, 'We don't propose to throw all of our gold reserves into a financial tempest to have them swallowed up to no certain

avail.' That course involves the risks, and they are very real risks, of currency depreciation."

"Between having her gold vaults emptied bit by bit in response to mad clamorers for gold and calling a halt during which financial bearings can be located there seems little room for doubt that England has followed the wiser course."

"It is an unhappy course at best, but, at any rate, it provides a pause in the struggle for gold. Further, it injects an element of deliberate and authoritative control, even if it be a negative 'We won't go any further' into a process that has been running wild."

ACTUALLY, "the immediate British financial crisis is more artificial than real," the Washington *News* believes. It reminds us that Great Britain "has the accumulated wealth of a century as the world's richest nation to tide her over the period of transition and economic readjustment." In this paper's opinion:

"The thing which should be disturbing the United States and France is not this artificial British financial emergency, but the deeper economic disease which is dangerously weakening all the world, Britain included."

"We mean, of course, the financial load of armaments, of war-debts-reparations and trade barriers like our own high tariff wall."

IN none of the markets of the world was there the wild panic that might have been expected when the news came from London. And *The Times* (New York) attributes this in part to the unmistakable present intention of the political and financial leaders of the British nation:

"They are determined to balance their budget, prevent uncontrolled inflation, and oppose legal devaluation of the pound."

"Meanwhile, the calm of the British people and the steadiness of sentiment in France and the United States under this unforeseen financial stress are of the best augury. Dismissing strained and fantastic theories about a 'conspiracy' of New York bankers to destroy British credit, dropping the notion that the 'hoarding of gold' in the United States has been the cause of British financial distress, the authorities and people in England seem resolved to face their difficulties with admirable poise and to do whatever is necessary to be done."

"The least that we in America can do is to applaud and imitate them."

IN explaining why England came to such a pass that she had to lower her pride and admit that she could no longer keep sterling on a gold basis, a common observation is that when she brought the pound back to par a few years ago she "bit off more than she could chew." *The American Banker* has another short and simple answer: "Debt and dole were too much." Arthur W. Kiddy writes from London to the New York *Evening Post*:

"Fifty per cent. of England's troubles are due to efforts to prevent Bolshevism and the spread of militarism by an endeavor to aid financial rehabilitation of distress countries."

Speaking more technically, the New York *Journal of Commerce* concludes that all of England's various financial difficulties "have grown out of the excessive utilization of short term credits to bolster up an international financial structure made unstable by the collapse of the market for long term securities."

The actual crisis, according to a statement by Philip Snowden, "started with the collapse of the chief bank of Austria last May



"I've Got Wet Before and Survived"

—Kirby in the New York "World-Telegram."

and the crisis which followed in Germany." As Mr. Snowden explained to members of the House of Commons, it soon became known abroad that England had been lending to Germany, and then the domestic difficulties were exaggerated, and the Bank of England found it necessary to raise a \$250,000,000 credit in New York and Paris. Then the National Government came into being, more foreign credits were secured, and the heads of the Government thought that perhaps the withdrawal of funds from London would stop. But gold withdrawals continued. In two months about a billion dollars' worth of gold was drawn from London. To keep from losing its whole gold supply, it was necessary to suspend the full operation of the Gold Standard Act.

Searching for fundamental causes of England's difficulties, Walter Lippmann, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune*, finds them in "the economic system which she has inherited from the nineteenth century." In the old days Britain was an exporter paying for food and other imports partly from the sale of goods and partly from income from foreign investments. But since the war her exports have greatly decreased and so have her foreign investments, while imports have increased. So—

"When finally it became clear this summer that world trade was not due for a quick revival, when in addition it was seen that British investments in Germany, in South America, in Australia, and the Orient were badly frozen, the belief spread that since England could not pay for her purchases abroad in goods, and could not pay for them out of her foreign investments, she would have to pay in gold. There was not enough gold in England to do that. So the money markets began to withdraw their own gold deposits from London, and precipitated the financial crisis which culminated in the decision of the Government and of the Bank of England not to sell gold for British paper currency."

BRITISH unemployment is due to the fact that British export trades are losing their foreign markets. This is because competing industries are developing in other parts of the world and tariffs are closing many markets. On top of that is the burden of high wages, high taxes, and somewhat obsolete plants and methods. In short, "business has been unprofitable because the costs have been rising and the returns diminishing."

And right here, Mr. Lippmann brings us to the political factor. For ten years the bankers and creditor classes of the City have been facing the trades-unions. The City was able to restore the pound to parity and thus added "about 30 per cent. to the cost of all private and public debts, which industry has had to pay in terms of interest or taxes, and it has added a very considerable percentage to the cost of all pensions, fixed salaries, and contractual wages." The labor-unions then refused to let wages fall as prices fell, and insisted on the dole and other social services. Then with these rising expenditures and the rising cost of debts, manufacturers could not make money, and simply had to lay off men and create unemployment. Then came the question whether wages or fixed incomes should be reduced, and "the outcome seems to be that both wages and fixed incomes will be reduced." For, explains Mr. Lippmann, a reduction in the gold value of the pound "will mean an automatic scaling down of wages, salaries, insurance benefits, doles, taxes, debt charges, of every kind of fixed income expressed in money, except, it should be clearly noted, foreign obligations payable in gold."

The Slash in Steel Wages

"HOOVER IS SHOCKED at Steel Wage Cut."

So runs a head-line in the *New York Times*, and the dispatches tell of the gloom in labor circles cast by the announcement of a 10 per cent. slash in steel workers' pay.

But if the Administration is clinging to the belief that maintenance of wages—buying power—is essential to our recovery from the depression, a number of observers declare that the wage-cut ordered by the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Corporation, and other steel, motor, and tire concerns, is

in line with the general readjustment which, they say, must precede a return to prosperity.

About 220,000 employees of the United States Steel Corporation and about 50,000 of the Bethlehem Company are affected by the order, we read. If all units in the industry follow their lead, about 1,000,000 workers will suffer. On the same day, General Motors Corporation gave notice of a 10 to 20 per cent. salary decrease, affecting about 25 per cent. of the company's 172,000 workers, and the United States Rubber Company also announced the inauguration of a five-day week.

Altho the Administration is said to feel that the no-wage-cut promise made by business leaders at the Washington conference two years ago is still in effect, the correspondents point out that many companies long since have deemed it necessary to release themselves from it.

In the case of the United States Steel Corporation, the world's largest industrial enterprise, we are reminded that workers' pay was reduced only after dividends and salaries had been sheared, and that the reduction is the first since the depression year of 1921. Of the twenty-two wage readjustments made in the history of the organization, we read, all but four have been increases.

But now that "Big Steel" has acted, one of the strongest bulwarks against wage-cuts has been removed, and the fear seems to be that other organizations will take this as their cue to do likewise. As the Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* tells us:

"There are between 33,000,000 and 35,000,000 workers in the United States whose wages have not been cut, it was pointed out, but fear was expressed lest they curtail their buying in the thought that they might face pay-reductions next."

WALL STREET took the view that the steel wage-cuts were necessary, and the first reaction to the news was to send stocks higher.

Two quotations will serve to show the clash of opinion on this question.

"The action of the United States Steel Corporation," declares John Sullivan, President of the New York State Federation of Labor, "will serve only to aggravate the depression and will prove a stumbling-block to recovery."

And the opposite view, as expressed by the *New York Evening Post*:

"We believe that the action of the United States Steel Corporation is sound economics. We see it as an intelligent and necessary step in the return of good times."



Something to Think About!

—Talburt in the Washington "News."

Foam and Fact in the "New Beer" Rumpus

IF BEER COULD ONLY FLOW from breweries again, it would swell our national coffers by some \$400,000,000 every year, decrease the Federal deficit, and restore prosperity to the land—so argue the champions of beer as an economic life-saver.

So great are the benefits to be derived, claims the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* (Ind., Dem.) that even an occasional beer jag might be excused as of insignificant moral damage.

"That beer mirage!" scornfully retorts the *New York Times*, skeptical of such a panacea for economic ailments, and insisting that so many hopes, political and editorial, are placed in the proposed legalization of beer-making because "desire begets hope, hope expectation, expectation belief."

This beer battle is precipitated by the innumerable stories and rumors that float out of Washington like foam from a stein. Yet no correspondent can specify Mr. Hoover's own views.

The beer proposal comes from August A. Busch, St. Louis brewer; from Representative James Montgomery Beck, of Pennsylvania (former Solicitor-General of the United States); from Jouett Shouse, chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic party, and many others.

Their argument, as summarized by the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, is simple:

"The Government needs money, and needs it badly; a tax on beer would produce at least enough revenue to fill the gigantic hole left by the moratorium. There is a dearth of jobs; opening the breweries would make jobs directly for many thousands of workers, and indirectly for many thousands more."

Mr. Hoover is urged, therefore, to give his support to a movement to amend the Volstead Law permitting the brewing of beer of at least 3½ alcoholic content. The *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* is intrigued by the possibilities of Federal revenue to be had from beer:

"At an estimated consumption of 2,000,000,000 gallons—approximately the figures of the last beer year—a tax of 25 cents a gallon would yield the Federal Treasury \$500,000,000, or more than half of last year's deficit.

"A government levy of 3 cents on every bottle of beer would be as reasonable as its present levy of 6 cents on every package of cigarets, and would probably, in a short time, produce an equal amount of total revenue.

"This computation leaves out of account the income from higher rates of taxation on wine and ignores altogether the incidental economic benefits to the country of restoring a brewing industry which, according to Prohibition authorities, consumed annually 1,500,000 tons of foodstuffs, 3,000,000 tons of coal, and 60,000,000 barrels, besides providing employment for 365,000 men and 13,500,000 tons of freight for motor and rail-carriers."

THE *Hartford Courant* adds further reasons to support these arguments for the restoration of brewing on a national scale:

"It might seem that if there were an economic reason for closing the breweries as a war-time measure—always remembering, of course, that war-time Prohibition came after it was over over there—there might possibly be an economic reason for re-opening them in this period of depression, to say nothing of the gain to temperance in diverting some of the consumption from bootleg distillates to beer.

"Of course the figures do not, by any means, tell the whole economic story.

"Old breweries would have to be reconditioned and equipped, involving the purchase of an enormous quantity of brewing and bottling machinery, bottles, boxes, barrels, and other supplies."

Dailies of such diverse outlook as the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Baltimore Sun* and *Evening Sun*, the wide-spread Hearst dailies, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *Star*, all subscribe to the movement to bring back beer.

On the other hand, a large number of newspapers, by no stretch of the imagination dry in their sympathies, are sus-

picious of any such simple cure-all for depression, deficit, and unemployment. This group includes among others the *New York Times*, the *Detroit News* and *Free Press*, the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*, the *Milwaukee Journal*, and the skeptical *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The *Times's* much-quoted "mirage" editorial insists:

"Does it never occur to the makers, disseminators and swallowers of the beer myth that a majority of Congress will be as inflexible as Mr. Hoover is imagined to be ductile in this matter?"

"He could only lose friends and make new enemies by following the course sketched for him by so many imaginative artists.

"But it is a waste of words to contend against absurdity.

"Intolerable as Prohibition is, more pressing questions have put it in the background. They are instant.

"Modification of the Volstead Law may be long in coming about.

"And in the ocean of jabber by the Seventy-second Congress, it will be no main current."

EQUALLY dubious is the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*, which insists:

"Brewing is at best a minor industry. A restoration of alcoholic beer would bring no immediate relief to overstocked and overproductive farms. It is possible that what some one has called the 'New Beer' would provide employment for almost 100,000 persons, and that it would turn into the national Treasury through direct taxation some of the money that is now being used to sustain the most profitable of all rackets.

"Yet the White House is understood to feel that the benefits to be obtained through slightly moistened dry laws would be more than overbalanced by a Congressional surrender of faith in the noble experiment.

"There is, for example, the certainty that by a legalization of beer and light wines there would be created an elaborate and impenetrable system of camouflage for the general manufacture and sale of all higher-powered liquors.

"This prospect, more than anything else, appears to have stiffened Mr. Hoover's resolution to hold to his original attitude in the matter of Prohibition. He is opposed not so much to light beer as to the revival of saloons, which, he feels, would follow automatically."

THE movement for the "New Beer" is likewise distasteful to the avowed wets, if we may credit an interview with Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, national chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. As quoted in the *New York World-Telegram*, Mrs. Sabin declares:

"It would be merely a step toward the alleviation of the present economic depression. But it would be disastrous for us to think for a moment that we could thereby effect any real and lasting settlement of the Prohibition problem."

In a radio broadcast reported from Washington in the *New York Times*, James L. Wright of the *Buffalo Evening News* declares that "President Hoover has no intention of recommending to Congress that beer be legalized."

"Mr. Hoover is convinced that once you legalize the manufacture and sale of three per cent. beer as non-intoxicating, the Federal Government would lose all control over its distribution.

"The moment three per cent. beer is declared by Congress to be non-intoxicating, it is on the same basis as ginger-ale or any other soft drink, and without another constitutional amendment its sale could no more be controlled than could the sale of ginger-ale."

In a controversy with August A. Busch, Richard A. Scott, President of the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, marshals an array of evidence, which, he claims, proves "the brewing trade a waster of industry, a breeder of inefficiency, and a potential \$4,000,000,000 robber of the people's pocketbook, without return save physical harm and moral debasement."

Mr. Hoover's Plunge Into the Soldier Bonus Battle

THE PRESIDENT WAS PERSPIRING when he finished his address—the first round of the new battle of the bonus.

He had traveled thirty-five hours to speak fourteen minutes before the American Legion at its convention in Detroit. It was a dramatic move to fight off a demand for more than two billion dollars.

In a sudden decision to appeal personally to the veterans, and through them to the country, Mr. Hoover rushed off from his Rapidan camp to Detroit. There, facing the legionnaires, he took his stand against the threatened assault upon the Federal Treasury.

"Momentous as was his appearance before the convention, it could scarcely have been less ceremonious or his getaway more hurried," writes J. F. Essary, of the *Baltimore Sun*—

"No flourish or fanfare greeted him as he entered. The audience stood as he reached the platform and cheered for perhaps half a minute. He bowed once and smiled faintly in response. And as the applause died away, Ralph T. O'Neil, national commander, wasting no compliments and indulging in no amenities shouted:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The President of the United States."

"Without having taken his seat, the President stepped forward, adjusted his manuscript, and began reading even before the hubbub had subsided. Three times the audience interrupted him with cheers. When he had concluded, one leather-lunged individual bellowed:

"We want beer!"

"That set off the only sizable demonstration. And while it was in progress the President turned, hastily left the hall, and was driven straight to his special train."

MR. HOOVER'S victory came three days later when the delegates downed the cash payment plan, 902 to 507.

But that was only the first round in the bonus fight, according to the Washington correspondents, and the real test will come when Congress convenes in December. It is certain, they say, that vigorous efforts will be made to jam the legislation through. Indeed, the day after the President spoke, Senator Brookhart, Republican, Iowa, announced that he would press his fight for a cash payment to veterans.

No mention of the bonus was made by Mr. Hoover in his speech, but there was no question of his meaning when he warned in solemn terms against any increase in the national deficit.

Turning to the depression, the President said that "recovery of the world now rests and awaits in no small degree upon our country," and "we have the self-containment, the resources, the manhood, the intelligence, and, by united action, we will lead this world to a recovery."

Pointing to the large deficit facing the Government, he said that "whatever the arguments made, I do not wish you to be misled by those who say that we only need to tax the rich to secure the funds which we need." Then:

"The imperative moment has come in our history when increase in governmental expenditures must be avoided, whether it be ill-considered, hasty, or uninformed legislation of any kind, or whether it be for services meritorious in themselves."

Asserting that "the very first stone in the foundations of stability and of recovery, both at home and in the world, is the stability of the Government of the United States," the President declared, "it is my purpose to maintain that stability, and I invite you to enlist in that fight." "The country's need of this service," he said, "is second only to war." In conclusion:

"With the guidance of the Almighty God, with the same faith, courage, and self-sacrifice with which you, backed by the nation, won victory fourteen years ago, so shall we win victory to-day."

The bonus move comes in the form of an effort to win full

and immediate cash payment of the World War veterans' adjusted service certificates, we are told by Theodore C. Wallen, Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*:

"The face value of the certificates ranges up to \$1,500, with the average about \$1,000. Unless paid sooner as veterans die, the certificates are payable in full in 1944 and 1945. Under the original bonus bill, designed partly to postpone cash-bonus payments, certificates amounting to \$3,565,000,000 have been issued.

"On this amount more than \$1,200,000,000 already has been paid in the form of interest-bearing loans against the original



Wide World

"I Invite You to Enlist"

In the fight to maintain the financial stability of the United States —President Hoover addressing the American Legion at Detroit.

bonus certificates. The amount is expected to be increased to about \$1,500,000,000 by the time Congress convenes.

"Up to last spring the veteran was allowed to borrow up to 22½ per cent. of the face value of the certificate. Over President Hoover's veto, Congress increased the loan value in February to 50 per cent.

"Now the agitation is to pay the remainder to the veterans outright.

"The Treasury estimates that it would involve an immediate Federal outlay of more than \$2,000,000,000 at a time when the Treasury faces an indicated deficit of \$1,500,000,000 at the close of this fiscal year, and has just covered by bond issue a deficit of \$903,000,000 with which it closed the last fiscal year."

PRESS comment on Mr. Hoover's address is generally laudatory. The speech "was at once one of the most forceful and restrained which he has delivered since he entered the White House," says the *Washington Evening Star*.

"The President was courageous in facing the Legion in view of the strong sentiment among its members," asserts the *Springfield Republican* and the *Philadelphia Record*:

"His journey and his undertaking denote a spirit of leadership, a willingness to act promptly and vigorously, which the nation has been longing for."

But the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, asserting that "instead of requesting that the Legion decline to commit itself, he should have demanded," adds that "he spoke straightforwardly, but not straightforwardly nor courageously enough."

Another paper which often criticizes Mr. Hoover, the *Baltimore Sun*, sees in his speech an admirable change in tactics. "For once," it says, "he has deserted the method of indirection and met an issue face to face."

Swope's Cure for Hard Times

NAILING UP A DIRECTION SIGN to show the way out of the morass of hard times, Gerard Swope instantly rivets the attention of the nation.

For this "lean and thoughtful Cassius among the great industrialists," as he is described by the Newark *Evening News*, offers a concrete plan for getting us out of the depression and keeping us out.

From coast to coast, business men, educators, editors, labor leaders, and politicians are talking about it.

"At last American industry has answered the challenge of economic chaos," ejaculates *The Christian Science Monitor*, speaking for many papers, and Mark Sullivan, a leading Washington correspondent, labels the Swope proposal "an event of first rank importance, certainly in the field of business and, according to common presumption, in the field of politics." And—

"As respects both government and business, it is not too much to say Mr. Swope's proposal is revolutionary."

Perhaps the most revolutionary feature of the plan is that industry would be organized on a national basis by means of trade associations, thus controlling production; but the public would be protected from possible exploitation by a supervisory Federal body.

Praise for Mr. Swope, who is president of the great General Electric Company, is voiced by dozens of papers throughout the country. And even those editors who raise doubts or pick flaws—they also laud him for a great constructive step, for stimulating intelligent, purposeful discussion of how to avert the economic dips that hamstringing industry and distress millions of workers.

STABILIZING industry by regulating consumption and production, and guaranteeing every man a job, plus elimination of the forty-year dead-line—these are outstanding features of the Swope idea. It is so far-reaching in its effects that some observers believe that not only must the anti-trust laws be wiped out to put it in operation, but a change in the Constitution also would be necessary.

"A Magna Carta for industry," the proposal is called by Merryly Stanley Rukeyser of the New York *American*, who summarizes its five basic principles thus:

"Regularity and continuity of employment through the stabilization of industry, with unemployment insurance as a reservoir of safety.

"Leadership by organized industry to avoid the lack of uniformity and coordination inseparable from direction by the Legislatures of forty-eight States.

"Standardized forms of reports to stockholders, to enable them, as owners, to be thoroughly and continuously informed as to the progress of their businesses.

"Coordination of production and consumption on a broader and more intelligent basis, for the particular benefit of wage earners.

"Promotion of individual initiative and enterprise, and protection of the public through Federal supervision.

"Instead of blindly worshiping old fetishes, this constructive leader would have government and industry cooperate along

scientific lines to harness the energies of modern productive machinery for the benefit of the people."

"Shall we wait for society to act through its legislatures?" Mr. Swope asked in outlining his plan to the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, meeting in New York, "or shall industry recognize its obligation to its employees and to the public, and undertake the task?"

BECAUSE "industry exists basically for serving the needs of the people," he added, "production and consumption must be co-ordinated." Then:

"Consumption is by the mass of the population, not the few, and the great mass of the population is made up of wage-earners and their dependents. That they may be able to buy and satisfy their needs, they must have not only adequate incomes, but they must be sufficiently assured of the future to feel that they are safe in spending their money.

"The psychology of fear must be removed, and this can not be done unless they have reasonable expectation of protection for their families in case of the bread-winners' death, protection for their old age, and protection against unemployment. By 'protection', I do not mean a protection that is given to them, but I mean a protection that they themselves help to provide."

For employee, the plan provides for life, disability and employment insurance and old-age pensions. Funds would be provided by payments by employee and employer. The forty-year dead-line, said to be due in large measure to the refusal of companies to pay the higher premium rates on older men, would be eliminated by letting the worker himself pay the extra charge for each year over thirty-five.

Into the employment insurance fund the employee would pay 1 per cent. of his earnings, but not more than fifty

dollars a year, and the company a like amount. In case of unemployment he would receive a maximum of twenty dollars a week.

One striking feature is that an employee, by changing jobs after a long term of service, would not lose accrued benefits.

GIVING hearty endorsement to the plan, Mr. Swope's chief, Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, pointed out that a price must be paid for its advantages—the surrender of a certain degree of freedom and initiative by individual units of production. If these units were ready to fall in line, the further question remains, he said, whether the public is ready to have such action taken.

Next day the Swope plan was being discussed throughout the country.

"Swope's Unit Idea for Industries Is Liked by Wall Street," says a head-line in the New York *Evening Post*, and in Washington the proposal was "the talk of the town," as David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press Association tells us. And he goes on:

"Because Mr. Swope is president of the General Electric Company and Owen D. Young is chairman of its board, some Republicans here profest to see the speech as a Young plan for the Democratic nomination. But here and there, there were



Hurls a Challenge

To American industry—Gerard Swope, whose plan to cure hard times is hailed as "an event of first-rank importance."

Democrats who outspokenly pronounced the plan as contrary to Democratic party tradition, particularly since it would impose on the Federal Government the job of regulating production. . . .

"As for control of production, this means revision or repeal of the Sherman antitrust law or exemption of trade bodies from its operation."

AND then Mr. Lawrence declares that "there would be no means of compelling individual companies to enter the jurisdiction of the plan without an amendment to the Federal Constitution."

"The significant thing," he adds, "is that the discussion of what to do in industry has started, and Mr. Swope's initiative may bring out other plans from business itself, which has lately been so much criticized as lacking in constructive leadership."

To Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, the plan "has many weaknesses, but it is a long step toward the acceptance of the American standard."

Samuel M. Vauclain, Chairman of the board of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, condemns the plan, as quoted in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, but another Philadelphian, Gen. W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, thinks so well of it that he calls upon employees to join with the company to evolve a program for stabilizing employment.

Other leaders who quickly gave support to the Swope proposal are Col. Robert I. Randolph, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

As for the reaction of the press, many papers admit that the plan may have imperfections, but, as the *Camden (N. J.) Courier-Post* says:

"Out of the maze of vacillating leadership in government and hitherto restless silence in industry, this proposal comes as a ringing challenge to American enterprise and courage, dormant these last two years."

"Swope, fairly, says that his plan is not original, but a combination of the best elements of many proposals. There have been, indeed, many 'plans' to correct our economic situation, but this is the first to bear the imprimatur of one of the nation's largest industries."

AMONG the papers which have misgivings about the plan is the *New York Herald Tribune*, which asks:

"If Mr. Swope should succeed in wiping out the American system of private initiative and control of business, what possible indication is there in experience anywhere that a system one-half as productive of general wealth and happiness would result?"

And this question is raised by the *New York Journal of Commerce*:

"Is not any proposal which aims to stabilize business by compulsion and protect workers against life's vicissitudes likely, in the long run, to be metamorphosed into a plan for governmental control of industry?"

Granting that "there are many grave aspects of the plan that will have to be thoughtfully considered," the *Philadelphia Inquirer* goes on: "Any plan along these lines would be a body blow to Communism and would rob Socialism of half its arguments."

"What Next?" Asks the Oil Industry

NOW THAT THE OIL INDUSTRY has been chastised by martial law, what will the ultimate outcome be? That's a question that many observers are trying to answer.

"The strangest of all the strange episodes oil men have been called upon to witness in the course of the diverse scenes of late years now appears to be drawing to a close," writes Keith Fanshier, in a copyrighted article in the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*; "the industry is emerging from an application of martial law that at one time wiped out 40 to 50 per cent. of its crude-oil output."

"This was a new experience for the oil business," Mr. Fanshier adds, and to him "the amazing thing" is that the Southwestern Governors who applied the dose "made the industry like it."

These Governors, it will be recalled, are William H. ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray of Oklahoma, who snapt a padlock on the oil-fields until the price should reach one dollar a barrel, and Ross S. Sterling of Texas, who likewise used troops to shut off the flow of oil in his State until regulations could be evolved under a new law.

Now the east Texas field is reopened, we read, the Governor's order having been modified on September 5 in accordance with the new regulations, which permit the flow of 400,000 barrels a day.

As a result, prices, which had stiffened after the fields in both States were closed, began to weaken, the press tells us, and the outcome appears in doubt. In Oklahoma, where a compromise price of eighty-five cents a barrel, instead of a dollar, was being urged by operators, it was believed that Texas's action in lifting the shut-down order would tend to force Governor Murray to yield in his original demand.

To show how gigantic the oil surplus is, we quote from a Tulsa, Oklahoma, dispatch by Ira Rinehart, correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, written on September 12:

"Crude oil stocks of the nation are being depleted at the rate of 500,000 barrels a day. At that rate it will take more than three years to use all the stored oil that has accumulated during the past twelve years of overproduction."

AMERICAN oil producers, an Associated Press dispatch tells us, are now discussing the possibility of a reduction of oil imports on a scale comparable with the reduction of domestic production; and they are also talking of a "world conference" on petroleum. Meanwhile, says Mr. Fanshier, "this much is certain":

"The principle of unified, cohesive direction for affairs of the oil industry, in part or in whole, has received a powerful impetus. Every new development makes clear the tremendous advantage in efficiency enjoyed by centralized, single control over disorganized, unplanned operation when it comes to getting things done."

"Utilization of oil fields is a step in this direction. Agreements looking toward ethical marketing habits are another. A national and international understanding to rationalize and balance production with consumption, that will function all the time, would be another. This, incidentally, would add immeasurably to the chances for world accord and harmony that politicians are trying so frantically to attain by other methods."



Oil on Troubled Waters

—Cargill in the Tulsa "World."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A LOT of the talkies are dumb.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times*.

CHINA seems to be trying for the non-stop war record.—*Judge*.

It has got so now that almost any girl with a good job can get married.—*Florida Times-Union*.

WE feel more confidence that everything will come back, now that the *Nautilus* has.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

MAYBE the Democrats will win next time if the boys don't cut loose and act like Democrats.—*Florida Times-Union*.

It's nice to have half of the world's gold, but how can a merchant do business if he has all the money in town?—*Port Arthur News*.

WE are told that a man's height varies from time to time. He is usually rather short after a long week-end at the seaside.—*The Humorist (London)*.

AN observer says he knows now why Eugénie was forced to flee from Paris.—*Duluth News-Tribune*.

WHAT business seems to need just now is the command, "Cease firing!" — *Christian Science Monitor*.

OUR idea of a new low in grounds for a divorce suit is to charge Jack Dempsey with mental cruelty. — *Thomaston Times*.

AN increase in crime is reported in London. It's hard to fix the blame, Great Britain being without Prohibition.—*Ogden Standard-Times*.

WITH the wheat situation what it is, maybe there's something to this Baker-for-President move after all.—*Schenectady Union-Star*.

IN the long run there might be something in the scheme to start junking old houses, but we'd get more immediate comfort if we ceased housing old junk.—*Boston Herald*.

ANOTHER of Mr. Hoover's little problems is to find a man who can save the country without stealing the show.—*Chattanooga Times*.

IN Arkansas they had to call out troops during a revival. That's what you call the old-time religion.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.

THE honeymoon is over when he begins to intimate that peanut butter sandwiches don't constitute a square meal.—*Publishers' Syndicate*.

THE new fashions, we read, feature figures with accented bust. The United States and British treasuries are quite up to date then.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

WE don't see how it will ever be possible to finance another World War unless we can get a trade-in allowance on the old one.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

WAS Ditch Digger Last Week; Now a University Secretary.—Head-line. Well, in these days of slack employment a man has to take what he can get.—*Springfield Union*.

"FACE the future with caution," advises an eminent financial authority. You bet we will. We're not going to let it sneak up behind and do what the past did.—*Boston Herald*.

WE are willing to let bygones be bygones and wouldn't care much how the youth of to-day got rid of the dead languages, if they only wouldn't murder the one we have now.—*Boston Herald*.

THE way of the transgressor is a get-away.—*San Jose News*.

CABLE says British weather sets Gandhi's teeth to chattering. Sounds like a miracle.—*Dallas News*.

FROM its extent and ferocity, this must be the depression to end depressions.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

AND it begins to look as tho the next war is going to be fought over the payments on the last one.—*Judge*.

PAST pontiffs treated kings with much less consideration than the present one has shown the duce.—*Weston Leader*.

THE true worth of a man lies about half-way between what his wife thinks of him and what his mother thinks of him.—*Brooklyn Times*.

THE reason another World War would be fatal is because the world could never survive another peace.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

It seems that every time we have to get down to brass tacks, the darned things are resting point upward.—*Thomaston Times*.

THE boom years seem to have been succeeded by others that sound like the same thing pronounced by a chap with hay fever.—*Boston Herald*.

THE big problem of a Democratic candidate is to keep Tammany friendly without speaking to it in public.—*Akron Beacon-Journal*.

WILL the Eugénie styles for women that are sweeping the country presently be followed by Gandhi fashions for the well-drest man?—*Boston Transcript*.

It might be possible to popularize the slogan, "Buy until it hurts," as a means to end the depression, if we did not hurt so easily.—*Boston Globe*.

It is rumored that Senator Borah would be willing to seek the Presidency. There is a general feeling that it would serve him right.—*Springfield Union*.

MORE people than ever are saving money, but it doesn't appear to be the right way just now to save the country.—*Weston Leader*.

THERE are fewer railroad accidents than motor-car accidents, and it may be because the engineer seldom hugs the fireman.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE Vare machine has won another election in Philadelphia. There is some talk of signing it for a world's series with Tammany Hall.—*San Diego Union*.

THE Farm Board's wheat-coffee trade with Brazil inevitably recalls the boom-time story of the Florida man who sold a dog for \$50,000 but took two \$25,000 cats in payment.—*Judge*.

THE LITERARY DIGEST tells how a family of four can live on \$8.34 a week, but we don't see included in the budget any items for gasoline or golf-balls.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

COMMUNICATION facilities have been so far perfected that it is possible on the same day for every nation in the world to be shocked by the conduct of all the others.—*Springfield Union*.

A POLL of the members of the American Bar Association reveals that the members favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by more than two to one, but it would not be nice for the drys to assert that the association is well named.—*Boston Globe*.



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An Invention That Will Be in Great Demand in a Year or So

—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."

China and Japan at Grips in Manchuria

THE BOMBING OF A SECTION of the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway near Peitaying, three miles north of Mukden, brings into a blaze the hostility between China and Japan which has been ominously smoldering for months.

What this clash may mean to these hereditary Oriental foes concerns themselves. How it may affect the diminished reputation of the whites of the West among Asiatic races, and imperil Western interests in Asia, is considered a new addition to "the white man's burden."

Meanwhile China seeks "first aid" from the League of Nations and charges Japan with "unprovoked military attacks in Manchuria." The League is said to be confronted with "by far the gravest test" it has yet met.

Under Article XI of the Covenant, China requests the Council of the League "to take immediate steps to prevent further development of a situation endangering the peace of nations, reestablish the status quo ante, and determine reparations."

Secretary of State Stimson is also working with the League to restore peace.

NEAR Peitaying, Manchuria, Tokyo press dispatches relate, Chinese bombed the South Manchuria Railway on September 18 at about eleven o'clock at night.

Within twenty minutes Japanese troops occupied the entire district, after a barrage of artillery. They took possession as well of the Chinese troops' barracks, bombarded the walls of the native city of Mukden, which has a population of about 400,000, and marched into the city at 3:30 in the morning.

These Tokyo dispatches tell us further that skirmishes occurred also at Changchun, the junction of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and that the Chinese were disarmed by the first battalion of a Japanese regiment stationed there.

Japanese casualties in the fighting, according to a Tokyo dispatch by Wilfrid Fleisher to the New York *Herald Tribune*, were 65 killed and 137 wounded. In the fighting at Mukden, two Japanese were killed and 18 wounded, while in the fighting near Changchun, which had centers at three points, the Japanese casualties were: Nanling, 40 killed and 50 wounded; Kwan-chengtze, 23 killed and 69 wounded. There were also Japanese casualties at Peiling, the third point of collision. Quoting an

official report to the Japanese Government, this Tokyo correspondent cables:

"The fighting at Peiling had been especially severe, with 800 Japanese troops engaged against 4,000 Chinese soldiers from Kirin Province. The Japanese were being pressed closely, and their situation was described as precarious.

"In the fighting at Nanling, the report said further, the Japanese destroyed twelve and captured twenty-four Chinese guns. The Chinese barracks at Nanling were on fire.

"Messages from Kwan-chengtze said that the Chinese there had fought stubbornly, but that the Japanese had disarmed part of the Chinese forces. "The Japanese armed forces in Manchuria number 12,000 men, as against Chinese forces estimated to number 331,000 men. In the vicinity of Mukden, there are 2,000 Japanese, as against 15,000 Chinese."

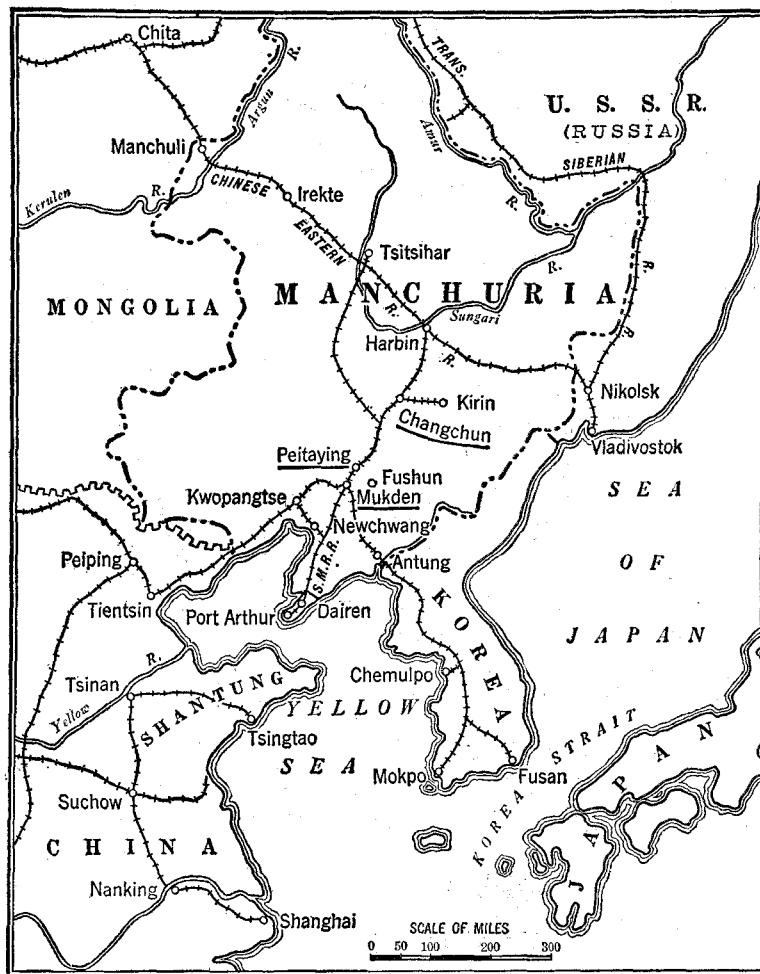
FROM the Chinese side, a Shanghai Associated Press dispatch reports the Chinese Kuo Min news agency as quoting a high government authority at Nanking, who says that the Japanese allegation that their action was due to Chinese troops cutting the South Manchuria Railway line is "a pretty red herring." The government official is then quoted as continuing:

"That the military element in Japan has for months been planning aggressive action in Manchuria is a fact that even the Japanese militarists have not attempted to conceal."

ALTHO Vice-Marshal Chang Hsueh-ling, Governor of Manchuria, declares he had ordered his men to throw down their arms and show no resistance, Shanghai press dispatches advise us that various scattered groups of Chinese soldiers resisted the Japanese action. In an interview at Peiping, according to these dispatches, Marshal Chang is quoted as saying:

"To give the Japanese military no pretext for action, some time ago I ordered our troops in the north camp of Mukden to surrender their arms. When the Japanese troops started hostile movements Friday night, our men, therefore, were defenseless. "The Japanese shelled our arsenal and trench mortar factory, and then seized all communications. The Japanese themselves destroyed the South Manchuria Railway track at the junction of the Mukden Railway, for which our soldiers are now blamed."

A poll by cable of the Chinese and Japanese press for THE LITERARY DIGEST shows a Chinese-language daily, the Shanghai *Shun Pao*, in this mood:



Where Old Foes Meet Anew

The taking of Mukden, Manchuria, by Japanese troops after an attack on Chinese troops for the alleged bombing of the South Manchuria Railway near Peitaying, rekindles the flames of Chinese-Japanese hostility. China has hailed Japan before the League of Nations Council, which is said to be "faced with the gravest test the League has yet met."

"The forcible occupation of South Manchuria can not be regarded as a small squabble. The present contingency is comparable with the situation when Japan imposed her famous Twenty-one Demands upon China during the World War when the Western Powers were otherwise engrossed.

"Japan now is taking advantage of the financial difficulties of Europe. But it must be remembered that a troubled China means trouble for the entire world. For this reason it is desirable for the Powers to watch the Japanese in Manchuria."

SOLEMNLY charging that Japan "threatens the safety not only of Manchuria, but the peace and security of the whole world," the *Shanghai China Press* warns:

"Unless immediate international pressure is exerted, the Kellogg pact, the League of Nations Covenant, and other similar world declarations will be thrown into the dust-bin."

Sin Wan Pao, a Shanghai Chinese-language daily, proposes a questionnaire to all the nations that signed the Kellogg pact, demanding proof of their international pledges, while *The China Times* scores the world Powers "which stand aloof and watch their own fundamental principles trampled under foot."

Turning now to THE LITERARY DIGEST's cabled editorials from the Japanese press, we find that Japan is unquestionably "the injured party." A rather jingoistic daily, the *Tokyo Miyako Shim-bun*, assures us:

"The Army acted in self-defense. We must not be overzealous in leaving the settlement to the Foreign Office, which we hope will realize its responsibilities and rise to the occasion for the consummation of the military operations now progressing."

A NEWSPAPER that circulates among the higher class Japanese, the *Tokyo Jiji Shimpō*, is convinced that:

"If China express her sincere regret for the incidents which precipitated the attack, the trouble could be solved earlier than might be expected. Future negotiations will be conducted by the Foreign Office, the Army remaining entirely aloof."

A report current in Japan that the Japanese military forces acted on their own initiative because of their belief that the Japanese Government moved too slowly, is denied by the *Tokyo Asahi*, which observes:

"The Government's failure to issue any statement regarding the Army's activities in Manchuria may cause the people and other Powers to believe that there is dissension between the Government and the military regarding Manchuria.

"Nothing could be more impolitic. The military actions were justifiable, and were intended solely as a measure of defense, but such is the delicacy of international affairs that even self-defense requires the exercise of prudence and caution."

The *Tokyo Nichi Nichi* has its eyes fixt on what's next to be done. This sister newspaper of the *Osaka Mainichi* makes a suggestion as to the final settlement of the situation:

"Japan must demand a guaranty from China against a recurrence of incidents such as the destruction of a section of the South Manchuria Railway, showing that the Chinese can not persecute Japan with impunity. China's demands for evacuation of the occupied territory without making any guaranty for the future are not to be entertained."

Is Time Up for Hindenburg?

TO GET ALONG WITH THE WORLD, does Germany need a new symbol?

Surprized at this question put by some German editors, colleagues of theirs in other countries quickly reply:

"But Germany has a new symbol. The symbol of the new Germany is President Paul von Hindenburg."

"President von Hindenburg," the Germans counter, is "a symbol of yesterday."

To outside observers such a view makes mystifying Germany

more mysterious than ever. They admit that on his election as second President of the German Republic, for seven years in April, 1925, foreign fears were express that with a field-marshal at its head, goose-stepping and sword-rattling would be more popular in Germany than they ever were in Kaiserdom.

Yet he astonished these doubters by upsetting all pessimistic predictions and proving himself a President of poise, vigor, and personal likability.

Six feet tall, of erect military carriage, President von Hindenburg, at eighty-four, is considered mentally and physically fit. He likes young people and gives old-fashioned balls for them. In accordance with an old custom of the Prussian kings, the press inform us, he stands as godfather for each seventh child in a German family. At present he is god-

father to 14,000, and his presents to them all are said to have cost him about \$70,000.

Why, then, should they be so prompt in some sections of Germany to find President von Hindenburg in the seventh year of his arduous office somewhat behind the times? What are the political debits chalked up against him?

To be enlightened we may listen to Karl Tschuppik, editor of the *Berlin Tagebuch*, and author of several volumes including one on "Ludendorff."

Looking backward over President von Hindenburg's term in *Foreign Affairs* (New York), this political authority reminds us:

"During the six years of his Presidency he has kept all his promises. The privileges of a President of Germany are more limited than those of a President of the United States, but greater than those of the head of the French Republic.

"During the first years of Hindenburg's term of office there were indications that he meant to restrict himself, with tact and dignity, to the duties of representation. As time went on, he grew, as did his office. He has won the confidence of republican Germany by the way in which, as if it were a matter of course, he has respected every inch of the Constitution to which he had sworn, warning off all tempters who wanted to make use of his name for political purposes.

"It would be a mistake, however, to see in this confidence which Hindenburg enjoys on the part of the Republicans a guaranty that the present régime in Germany will never be changed. Hindenburg has spent sixty out of his eighty-four years under the rule of the Hohenzollerns, and no one can expect this old general to give himself heart and soul to the new order of things. . . .

"The German Republic, however, is by no means proof against



An American Question

"After von Hindenburg, what?"

—Ireland in "The Columbus Dispatch."

change. It is the offspring of a prudent match entered into by the Social Democratic and the Roman Catholic Center parties.

"This coalition seemed strong enough to safeguard the republic against reactionary assaults, and to insure Germany's development along the lines of pacifism and in harmony with the rest of Europe. It was the Socialists and the Center party, or rather, it was Socialist and Roman Catholic Germany that made it possible for Stresemann to carry on his policy of international conciliation, and thereby slowly to regain for Germany the confidence of the world."

A big change in the German Republic is said to have followed the September elections of 1930. Many of the impoverished middle class, who had hitherto attached themselves to the moderate parties, Dr. Tschuppik relates, went over to the extreme Right and joined Adolf Hitler's National Socialists.

The Hitler party has become a power within the State—especially since, in addition to its extensive following, it enjoys, we are informed, the moral and material support of those who carry on heavy industry in Germany, and who intend to make use of the National Socialists as a protection against genuine Socialism.

Unquestionably, Dr. Tschuppik avers, these changes ushered in the serious crisis from which the Germans suffer to-day. Germany has to depend on foreign credits on loans. These loans are not granted by governments or by banks, he points out, but by tens of thousands of small and large investors and capitalists, by private citizens in thousands of towns and villages. Naturally, it is admitted, they want to know if their investment is safe. We read then:

"The effect of the September elections was like drawing a veil and revealing a new face of Germany. National Socialists hurled loud declarations of defiance against the international treaties; Stahlhelm parades and processions of soldiers were arranged in order to rouse the military spirit; speeches by generals playing the rôle of politicians, and by swashbuckling professors, completed the picture."

AMERICAN investors, this distinguished German editor notes, can not be expected to investigate Germany's ability to make war, or to find out whether there is more behind the blustering of the extreme Nationalists than an irresponsible playing with words.

But the actual facts of Germany's situation, Dr. Tschuppik tells us, did not stem the bellicose spirit of the Right. This made other countries suspicious, brought on a crisis in Germany, and Dr. Tschuppik inquires:

"What was Hindenburg's attitude during these critical times? He took his stand 'faithfully and loyally' on the basis of the Constitution; he has 'faithfully and loyally' supported the Bruening government. But every one in Germany knows that, if a change of Cabinet should bring the parties of the Right into power, he would support just as 'faithfully and loyally' a Hugenberg-Schaecht government.

"The decision, however, is not for Hindenburg to make, but for Bruening. To a distant observer, it might seem that Dr. Bruening's government, in facing the storm raging among the parties of the Right, has shown no great amount of courage. Bruening's mistakes—his approval of the plan of a customs union with Austria, and his attitude of non-interference toward Stahlhelm day at Breslau—had their origin in his desire to calm this tempest on the Right. It is quite true there is no country in the world where the tension between Right and Left is as great as it is in Germany.

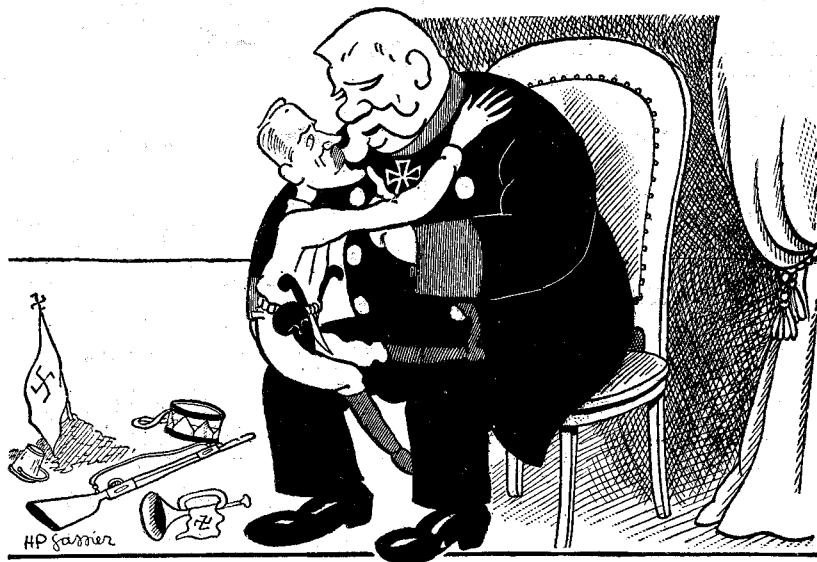
"Germany's emergence from the present crisis depends on whether sober and practical insight will prevail over the old-fashioned heroic views of life. President Hindenburg would like to reconcile what is irreconcilable. In him lives the memory that the German people were united in the war. He has learned to appreciate the value of German social democracy; but he would not like to burn the bridges leading to the Right."

The Red Offensive on Filth

WITH THEIR CHARACTERISTIC ENERGY of arm and flamboyance of phrase, the Soviet Russians are in the midst of a "cleanliness campaign."

"In putting godliness off their political map," remarks one observer, "they suddenly discovered cleanliness right next to it, and at the behest of Dictator Stalin, they decided to let cleanliness stay, and at this late date put it to work."

In consequence, we read in the Soviet press that "shock troops" of "Comsomol," or the Union of Young Communists, are on the



French Irony

Hindenburg (to Hitler): "Now you be a nice little boy, and do everything in a legal way."
—"Cyrano" (Paris).

job in workmen's districts in Moscow, and in all industrial centers in the provinces. They inspect the homes of workmen as well as their barracks, and the eating places run by the Government, and send in reports on sanitary conditions to Soviet newspapers.

Moscow dispatches tell of a detachment of Young Communists who found a vermin-ridden apartment in Moscow that seemed to lead "all the rest." Having found their quarry, they pinned an immense insect made of cardboard on the door of the apartment, and the captain announced to the occupants: "We hereby award your dwelling the Order of the Predatory Insect."

Not only did the dwellers in this apartment get busy with soap water and insecticide, it appears, but to escape the scorn and ridicule they had suffered by such publicity, all the neighbors started to clean up too.

Strangely enough, it seems that government buildings are being found in worse condition than the private abodes of workmen. For instance, in *Pravda*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, we find this report of a shock troop of Young Communists on conditions in the Donietz Coal Basin:

"In barracks No. 1 and 2 of the factory for mining tools and equipment, bearing A. I. Rykov's name, the floors are washed only once a week.

"The official defense of the authorities of these barracks is that 'we have no rags' with which to do the washing.

"The workmen's bitter complaints are of no avail. Comrade Lukoyanchenko, in charge of these barracks, asserts that it can not be helped. Meanwhile, workmen continue to be eaten up by bedbugs.

"The courtyards of the barracks are filled with garbage. Workmen assert that not since March, 1931, has any refuse been removed from here.

"The officials of the factory refuse even to give out a few

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planks to cover up the dump, saying: 'Write and do whatever you please, but we have no planks to give you.' In the near-by steel plant bearing the name of J. Stalin, there are sixty-two barracks accommodating 1,870. The sanitary and the living conditions here are as bad as any described."

THE report goes on to say that conditions in the workmen's governmental eating-places are execrable, what with "dirt, flies, and disorder." Time and again, the report charges, workmen are fed with decayed meat and vegetables, and, we read:

"The 'factory-kitchen' of the Stalin plant, which was built as late as 1931, has become legendary for its filth. And in one of the eating-rooms of the plant, the garbage is kept in the same boilers in which food for workmen is prepared."

But the Donietz Basin is not the only place where filthy conditions prevail. The Soviet press is full of similar reports on the Ural and Leningrad regions—in fact, on all important industrial centers. Editorially *Pravda* observes:

"It must be conceded that the improvement of the sanitary conditions of our workmen is blocked not by the lack of money or any other such physical want, but by the lack of good-will on the part of the Soviet officials and organizations concerned.

"Is it surprising that workmen who come to work in an industrial region should flee from the place a few days later, because the dwellings given them are in such an intolerable state of squalor?"

Catalonia "Ready" If Need Be

TO STRIVE HEART AND SOUL for the progress and happiness of the autonomous Catalanian Republic and of the Federation of Spanish Republics.

That is the intention of the people of Catalonia, as voiced by Col. Francisco Macia, leader of the Catalanian Radical autonomists, who purpose to have independence and peace, even if they have to fight for it.

A thin, white-haired old man, with melancholy, tired eyes in repose, which, however, flash when he is roused, Colonel Macia, like many another veteran revolutionary, lived for many years in exile. Before the war, we are reminded by George Slocombe, in the London *Evening Standard*, he dwelt in a modest rented villa in an obscure suburb of Paris. To-day, in the Gothic Palace of the Generalidad, he is the unquestioned ruler of a city which was once the capital of the Empire of the Goths, and Mr. Slocombe continues:

"He is still the Knight of the Rueful Countenance that his friends knew in Paris. He still wears that sadly dreaming, quixotic air.

"He has tilted at windmills all his life, and at last his adversary has collapsed. The invader has been driven out, and a Catalan-born leader of other Catalans walks by right of heredity and by right of reconquest among the orange-trees in the gargoyle-haunted court, the *Patio de los Naranjos*, which makes a rich medieval background for the latest of political struggles.

"But if the leader of the Catalanian State—'Our President,' the Catalans call him proudly and affectionately, to distinguish him from the other Spanish President, Alcalá Zamora—is an old and tired man, his associates are young.

"They are the youngest politicians in the world. Yesterday



Acme photograph

They're Not Fighting Yet

President Alcalá Zamora, of the new Spanish Republic (left), and Francisco Macia, President of the Barcelona Radical party, which is ready to fight for an autonomous Catalanian Republic and the Federation of Spanish Republics, which they consider "an ideal kind of State."

they were poets, journalists, musicians, starving in the cafés of Montparnasse, or the universities of Liège and Brussels.

"To-day they are in power, in one of the most fertile, most industrially and agriculturally developed, most smiling and cultured countries in Southern Europe."

TO a representative of the London *Saturday Review*, Colonel Macia explains that by the people of Catalonia he means "not only those who live in the province called Catalonia, but also those who speak the Catalanian language, within the ethnographical frontier of Catalonia, extending from the Pyrenees to Valencia, and including even the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands, who are all Catalonians in spirit, and form an ethnographical and geographical whole with us."

Colonel Macia is strong, too, for a federation based on an alliance of republics, which he considers an ideal kind of State. A republican federation, he claims, is a guaranty of peace, while a

great empire built up by diplomatic ruses is bound to practise an imperialist policy.

No negotiations have taken place yet between the Madrid Government and the Catalonians on the subject of autonomy and federation; and he admits that he does not know what attitude the Republican Centralists in Madrid will adopt, but he declares:

"In any case, I hope that the obvious results of the elections will carry conviction to the most fanatical supporters of central government, and that we shall succeed in obtaining the autonomy which Catalonia and other provinces undoubtedly deserve.

"If, however, the will of the people, expressed at the elections, and solid arguments do not suffice to convince the Government and its partisans that the future of Spain can only be secured on the basis of a democratic and Federal Republic, we shall have to resort to more radical measures to make the Madrid politicians realize that Catalonia, who has shown herself strong enough to shake off the yoke of the Bourbons, is in no way disposed to submit to the yoke of Castile, even tho it be painted in the Republican colors!"

ONE of the basic principles of Colonel Macia's Radical party is the abolition of compulsory military service.

Also, his party, he advises us, will demand that the Constituent Cortes pass a law by which no citizen of the Spanish Republic can be obliged to serve under arms outside the frontiers of the country. Colonel Macia is further quoted as follows:

"And this should be extended even to professional soldiers. If it is true that military service as things stand now can not be totally abolished, we have to choose its mildest form, i.e., an Army consisting of mercenaries. Even this Army should be limited, and its defensive character should be apparent.

"By holding that no citizen of the Spanish Federal Republic should be obliged to serve the country under arms outside the frontiers, we condemn the imperialistic form of colonization. As a matter of fact, the extreme Radicals, and many politicians outside of this party, support a movement which is gaining ground in Spain for the abdication of Spanish rights in Morocco.

"Of course, if this project becomes reality, it will not be just to open the gates for another imperialistic Power.

"This act, which is destined to provide an example to the rest of the world, will very probably be accomplished by a solemn declaration before the League of Nations, and it will be left to this supreme court of the world to decide under what condition should be organized the administration and government of the territory liberated from the Spanish rule."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Billions Wasted by Accidents

A BILLION AND A QUARTER DOLLARS a year would be saved in the United States if we would only cut out preventable accidents.

This economic feature of the safety campaign is stressed in an article contributed to *Safety Engineering* (New York) by Arthur C. Carruthers, its editor.

The cost of accidents, he points out, is necessarily added to the price paid by consumers, so that we are unnecessarily paying out every year \$16 for every man, woman, and child, on this account—\$128 for a family of eight. Writes Mr. Carruthers:

"This is a good time to think of economy; but thinking alone is not enough to secure the economic advantages which are obtainable through safety observance. Talking safety and thinking safety are excellent as far as they go, but to get real advantages we have to translate our talking and our thinking into terms of safety action.

"Modern life is largely a series of contacts and clashes. We are not all striving for the same result, not all exerting ourselves along the same line. Forces and energies, often driving in an opposite direction, meet strongly and not always safely.

"Hurrying has caused losses of thousands of dollars. No one's time is so precious that he can afford to take a chance and ignore the demands of safety.

"Accident is a heartless taskmaster; it takes payment not only in human life and money but it also can destroy an innocent person's happiness for all his life.

"Safety is fighting to prevent these happenings, which are largely preventable; but safety demands that all those who are liable to become the victim of an accident must be a part of safety's campaign. Public cooperation and participation in the prevention of injuries will eliminate them.

"It is unfair to allow the accident-cost burden to be borne by others when this cost has been entailed by our own carelessness or indifference. The economic loss which accidents cause is a burden on us all. Everything we purchase has to be made. When it does finally reach us we pay a certain price for it. The accident cost is included.

"The more accident cost the more you and I have to pay for it. We are paying the bill for somebody's carelessness. Accidents are costing billions of dollars a year, the cost of which falls on the ultimate consumer. If ever there was a worthless, useless, and unnecessary cost it is this accident expense.

"We should not longer tolerate the huge wastage in life, time, money, and happiness which the accident scourge has collected year by year. From every view-point of citizenship, humanity, economy, and success, we each have our part to play in carefulness and caution."

OUR large industrial corporations, railroads, public-service companies, and construction companies give the best evidences of the economy which is secured by a strict observance of safety. The results of safety campaigns have been striking, Mr. Carruthers assures us. For instance, eye injuries, one of the most serious types of accidental injuries, have been reduced as much as 80 per cent. in some plants. He goes on:

"In the erection of our large buildings there has been in the past a high accident rate costing heavily in life, limb and money, but the construction industry is now applying safety, and here, again, accidents are being systematically reduced and money saved.

"The public at large is subject to a variety of accidents, but the prevention of these does not lend itself to the organized safety campaigns which can be conducted by business organizations. We have to think and act as individuals. We do not have the supervision of a safety engineer nor a set of safety rules and regulations. Each individual must constitute himself his own safety committee.

"A conservative estimate of what accident cost amounts to in one year in the United States is not less than two billions of dollars. That is about \$16 for every man, woman and child in the United States. Sixty per cent. of this accidental cost is preventable, or one billion, two hundred million which could be saved per year.

"We know that accidents and their economic loss have been reduced to a minimum in numbers of cases. We know there are concerns in all parts of the country whose accident cost is negligible due to the continuous and systematic employment of safety principles, but, unfortunately, we have countless cases of a high accident cost due to carelessness and indifference to the demands of safety.

"Probably the greatest economic loss we suffer from accidents, and certainly the most agonizing and deplorable, is in children. Eighteen thousand, six hundred and ten children under fifteen years of age met accidental deaths in 1928.

"A splendid piece of accident-prevention work has been achieved in New York City through the campaign initiated and supported by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, where in the face of a 35 per cent. increase in fatalities for



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The Timid Soul Has a Nightmare

After a short drive in the country.

—Webster in the New York "Herald Tribune."

adults there was a 24 per cent. decrease for children from five to sixteen years.

"Had the accidental death-rate increased at the same rate among the children as it did among adults in seven years, 1922 to 1929, there would have been 6,000 more deaths each year among the children. In other words, safety is saving the lives of 6,000 children each year.

"Economy is even more necessary for the worker than for the employer because his resources are always less. It is surprising how difficult it is to make the worker see that he, above every one in industry, benefits by greater safety.

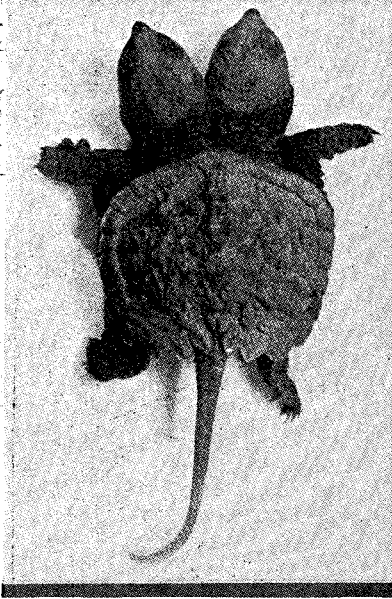
"Governor Roosevelt, recognizing this fact, established the Governor's Labor Union Safety Committee, the object of which is to induce the organized workers of New York to take an active interest in the cause of safety. Should these men comply with the wishes of the head of our State the result would be of vast benefit to them.

"The Division of Industrial Hygiene of the New York State Department of Labor cooperates with employers and workers alike not only in the prevention of accidents but also in the prevention of occupational diseases, which are much more insidious and much less readily recognized than accidents."

Healing Wounds With Maggots

THE "MAGGOT TREATMENT" of bone injuries, in which larvæ of blowflies are placed in the wound to clear up the decayed tissue and hasten healing, seems to be no new thing.

Dr. Hyman I. Goldstein of Camden, New Jersey, has made a search into medical literature of the past, and has found that the beneficial effect of these larvæ was suggested by a French surgeon, Baron D. J. Larrey, shortly after the Napoleonic campaign in Egypt. Says a report issued by Science Service (Washington):



Two Heads Better Than One?

This snapping turtle can think twice at once.

"The baron states that in Syria the wounded were annoyed and often terrified by the appearance of 'the larvæ of the blow fly' in their injuries. 'Nothing short' of experience could convince them that these insects, so far from being injurious to their wounds, promoted rather their cicatrization, by cutting short the process of nature and by causing the separation of the cellular eschars, which they devoured. These larvæ are, indeed, greedy only after putrefying substances, and never touch the parts which are endowed with life."

"Even earlier than this, in the sixteenth century, another French surgeon, Ambroise Paré, had observed the frequent presence of fly larvæ in wounds, and had some idea of their possible beneficial work.

"The presence of larvæ in wounds is noted in at least one place in the Bible: the terrible death of the Greek ruler Antiochus, who persecuted the Jews.

"But this is recorded as part of the punishment sent upon him for his evil deeds. This ancient instance is not cited by Dr. Goldstein in his article.

"The modern use of maggots to clear up wounds, especially bone wounds, dates from observations made in the field during the World War.

"The well-known Cleveland surgeon, Dr. G. W. Crile, called attention in 1917 to the more rapid healing of wounds containing maggots. But it was the late Dr. W. S. Baer, of the Johns Hopkins University, who made the most extensive clinical tests, developed a technique, and most vigorously advocated the general adoption of the method."

The Birth of a Waterspout

ON the morning of August 13, 1930, the British steamship *Oronsay*, while in the Red Sea bound for Suez, enjoyed the rare tho not unprecedented experience of sighting six waterspouts within half an hour, two of which formed close to the ship.

They were pictured in our issue of February 28.

The history of one of them, as reported by the officer of the watch, is interesting, because the spout was observed from its earliest stages. The officer of the watch, Mr. Davies, is thus quoted by Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington):

"Our attention was attracted to what at first glance would appear to be the usual commotion of a shoal of fish disporting themselves close to the surface. No rain was falling, tho thunderclouds were 4,000 feet or more overhead. As it swept by, only

200 feet off our starboard side, traveling in a southerly direction, we were able to notice the subsequent phases of it. The apparent commotion was caused by wind rushing round in a small area, the wavelets thus caused falling inward toward the center. We felt the violent gusts blowing toward it as we passed. A fine spray was starting to form, like a cloud of steam, above it to a height of a few feet.

"When a few miles astern, this became much more dense, and the sea it encircled much more disturbed. Within ten minutes or so of its passing us a spout was observed coming from the clouds, and a few minutes later the whole joined, making an enormous waterspout."

A Two-Headed Turtle

LIVING TWO-HEADED ANIMALS are comparatively rare, says *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington).

Possibly such monstrosities may occur often, but are passed by unnoticed, tho their striking appearance renders this unlikely. In humans, the Siamese Twins serve as a classic example of duality carried to its highest form. Occasionally two-headed kittens and calves are reported, also all sorts of monstrosities appear among fowls where chicks are hatched in wholesale numbers. We read further:

"As a rule, such monstrosities are either born dead or are short-lived, and often little is learned of their internal anatomy. Rarely are scientists able to secure these forms and rear them for any length of time. Early last October, the writer secured an unusual monstrosity in the form of a living dicephalous turtle of last summer's (1930) brood.

"This turtle was found last September by two small boys at play on Enchanted Island, Lake Minnesota, near Minneapolis. The boys disposed of it for a quarter to an employee of the Northwestern Fuel Company, who gave it to the Department of Zoology, University of Minnesota.

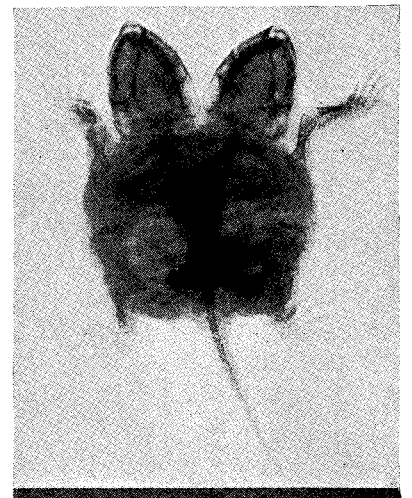
"This specimen was a common hard-shell snapping turtle. The body, which was covered with a characteristic shell, was normal except for a slight hump, possess four well-developed legs, one tail, and a single cloacal opening. Anteriorly extended two active and completely formed necks and heads.

"Difficulty was encountered in getting this turtle to eat. Consequently, it was turned over to the care of Mrs. Grace Wiley, Curator of the Natural History Museum of the Public Library in this city, who was rearing a number of small turtles. In company with these, it soon started feeding.

"The heads apparently act independently of each other, feeding alternately or coordinately. It is, apparently, thriving and gaining in weight. It acts normally. Indications are that it is possible to raise this monstrosity to maturity. Observations on the turtle are being made and records kept of its growth. Several feet of film have been secured showing feeding and other activities of the animal.

"It appears as tho motor activities of each side of its body are directed by the brain on that side of the body.

"X-ray photographs of the animal made last November (1930) showed that each neck has the usual number of vertebrae (eight). Apparently the last neck vertebra of each neck articulates with a separate free thoracic vertebra. X-ray photographs made on February 17, 1931, show these two free thoracic vertebrae to be fused. Posterior to these the vertebral column is single and apparently normal."



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Journal of Heredity*

An X-Ray View

Shows forking of the vertebral column. Well equipped to see both sides of any question.

Eye Sees Like Television Camera The Great Heart of the "Nautilus"

"SCANNING," A COMMON TERM IN TELEVISION, believed by many people to be something new, is really as old as man, states Hollis Baird, chief engineer of the Shortwave and Television Corporation. "The human eye," he says, "has always scanned and always will."

When we look at a picture or a scene, we do not see it all at once; we see only a tiny spot. Our flexible, efficient eyes rapidly travel across and up and down a given scene, registering the various points so rapidly that a complete picture seems to be seen. Says Mr. Baird, as reported by Television News Service (Boston):

"It is easy enough to test this.

"Hold your hand out straight in front of you and then look at the thumb-nail.

"Now without shifting your eye in the slightest try to see how much else you can see clearly, not just suggested, but vividly. You will find that the area comprising the end of your thumb is about all that is sharp.

"Now open your hand and decide you want to see all of it. As you do, notice carefully what your eyes are doing and you will see that they are swinging back and forth in various cross directions until they have covered every bit of your hand. Now you have a very definite picture of what your hand looks like, yet it was obtained piecemeal.

"Taking something more concrete, more nearly like what a television camera must pick up, let us look at a motion-picture.

"As the action goes on, you seem to see what is happening on the whole screen, but if you will pick out a single spot on the screen and look at it without moving your eyes, as you did when looking at your thumb-nail, you will find you are actually seeing but a small part of the picture clearly, the rest being in sort of out-of-focus relation to the main spot of vision.

"The human eye, however, moves so quickly that it takes in the whole picture in a series of rapid glances, and the memory retains these pictures, each piece in its proper place, and the effect seems to be a whole, complete picture.

"In television the same thing takes place, the television camera rapidly scanning a scene, which in turn is reproduced in the same order by the television receivers. Of course, this scanning is much more rapid than the human eye, as the scanning spot can not pick up as much detail as the human eye will register correctly at one instant, and so must travel faster to get in all the points.

"Another point of difference is that the human eye needs no definite routine to follow in scanning a scene, for it may move across the top, then down to the bottom and across there, then up at an angle from the lower left to the upper right corner, etc. In television, as in anything mechanical or electrical, an accurate pattern must be followed to be repeated in rapid succession, and in order that at the receiver the same pattern may be followed and a picture reproduced which will be the same as the picture picked up at the transmitter.

"Thus, while television may seem to be a far cry from any human parallel, it actually follows the human eye more accurately in its procedure than does a camera which takes in all at once a complete picture.

"Eye scanning is a fascinating thing to experiment with, and should offer a lot of fun for the person who likes to contemplate television problems. Since the apparatus is already part of one's body, there is no cost involved."

"STOP BOTH ENGINES! Ahead both motors! Seal the boat! Flood all main ballast tanks! Take her down to sixty-five feet!"

So shouts the officer-in-command, as the *Nautilus*, the great-hearted submarine of the Wilkins-Ellsworth North Pole expedition, prepares to dive under Arctic waters.

We follow the account of former Lieut. William Van C. Brandt, U. S. N. R., who clears up some of the confusion still existing in the layman's mind concerning these factors which have made

possible what is described as "the most fantastic scientific expedition ever attempted," and worthy of the submarine in Jules Verne's tale, after which the *Nautilus* has been named.

While all parts of the submarine are absolutely essential, and each must function faultlessly, former Lieutenant Brandt explains, the storage battery is the very heart of the boat. So powerful is this "great heart" of the *Nautilus* that it could supply the current requirements for nearly 3,000 motor-cars, and could furnish enough power to carry the entire electrical load of a small city. This submarine authority explains in *Exide Topics* (Philadelphia):

"It is the battery which furnishes all the power to operate the motors, pumps, air-compressors, and rudders when the boat is running submerged.

"A failure of the storage battery to perform its duty properly might mean serious disaster.

"The storage battery must be dependable.

"When the submarine boat is operating on the surface, she is driven by Diesel oil engines, but before the boat is dived the engines must be stopt and the boat is then propelled by electric motors, which are driven by power furnished by storage batteries.

"The storage batteries are recharged when the boat is on the surface (either running or at the dock), the electric motors acting as generators and being driven by the Diesel oil engines.

"These storage batteries that propel submarine boats are composed of from 120 to 240 cells.

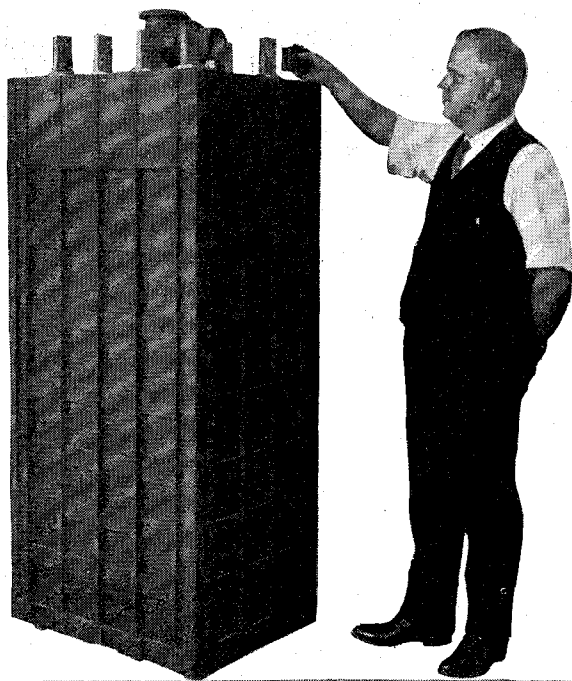
"These cells are of a huge size, weighing from 1,500 pounds to 3,500 pounds each.

"They range in height from forty-five inches to sixty-six inches, and vary in capacity from 1,685 to 4,500 k. w. hours.

"To dive the boat, tanks known as 'ballast tanks' are flooded with water—the amount of water taken in the tanks being controlled by valves, at which valves trained men are stationed to operate, in accordance with orders issued by the officer who is in command of operating the boat."

When the large main ballast tanks are completely filled with water, Lieutenant Brandt goes on, the *Nautilus* descends to a point where she is floating "decks awash." Further to minimize the buoyancy of the submarine a small high-pressure tank is filled. There is also an auxiliary tank, which is filled to destroy the remaining buoyancy of the boat. Control is therefore contingent upon the pumps. We read on:

"To bring the boat to the surface the main ballast tanks are blown or pumped out, and the boat given up-rudder. On reaching the surface the conning-tower hatch is 'cracked,' or opened slightly, which enables the air to become equalized, after which the main hatches are opened."



Photograph from The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Some Idea of the Large Cells

In the "Nautilus" may be had from this photo of a man holding a small laboratory-size cell alongside an Exide submarine cell. A submarine may be equipped with 120 or 240 of these cells.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE / DRAMA / MUSIC / FINE-ARTS / EDUCATION / CULTURE

Our "Beautiful Young Idiots"

IF THEY'D ONLY USE THEIR "BEANS"; never mind their gin-drinking.

That, and more, is the contribution of Edna Ferber to the reclamation of the youth of our land, who, in her view, rank pretty low in comparison with their fellows of foreign countries.

Miss Ferber, the novelist, returns from Europe impressed by the "youth movements" she has observed over there.

"Any French boy of eighteen that you talk to—not a student necessarily but a garage mechanic or a business man—can talk about reparations or the economic situation in Europe. They have thought about it. They don't think it's the bunk. They have an opinion one way or the other."

But ours are "beautiful young idiots" who never get beyond football talk and "oh, yeah?" so the press reports her.

Miss Ferber, "who has vivid dark eyes set in a dead white face"—so the *New York Times* avers—is all stirred up after observing specimens of our "beautiful but dumb" on the first-class deck of the *Ile de France*, on which she made her homeward journey.

She has faith in potentialities, however:

"I think that if I were a young man I would realize this is the most important time in the world for young men.

"If the young men and women want to do away with Prohibition they can bring it about. They can abolish war—everything depends on them.

"The old men or even the middle-aged men haven't the courage or vitality or whatever it takes to stand up against the racketeers and cheap politicians.

"The young are all we have. And they're beautiful, inarticulate young idiots, that's what they are—just beautiful, the most beautiful creatures in the world—and they're twelve years old, permanently.

"I've never been one to criticize the younger generation. I don't mind their gin-drinking or anything like that—I adore gin-drinking myself. But if they'd only use their beans.

"It's important that they stop wise-cracking, that we stop being a nation of Jimmie Walkers and realize the world is falling to bits.

"Not that it matters. I think it would be a good thing if the whole thing would go back to the primeval ooze and start from scratch. We certainly haven't made a good thing of it.

"It is terribly vital that nothing matters to the young men and women of to-day but wise-cracking.

"The boys and girls that are going to college have absolutely no serious discussion. The only thing they can talk about is football. This is true of no other country in the world.

"In this country to be serious is to be ridiculous. The boys and girls on the boat, whether they were seventeen or twenty-five or thirty, did nothing but go tramping and ramping up and down like children. I watched them. I listened deliberately, because

my passion is vulgar curiosity. Their conversation was rubber-stamp conversation, 'Oh, yeah?' and that sort of thing. Nothing was said."

THIS does not pass unnoticed, either by the class attacked or by their defenders. Daniel de Guzman, representing the former,

writes to the *New York Herald Tribune* to ask "upon what basis Miss Ferber rests these not altogether original remarks." He wonders if she has made a comprehensive study of "the young men and women of to-day," and he thinks his authority is just as good that "wise-cracking is not the only thing that matters." He further marshals his forces:

"I have had plenty of serious discussions with 'American youths' whom I consider more representative than Miss Ferber's sea-going class.

"We can't all go to Europe, and we can't all afford the unlimited gin-drinking which is always ascribed to 'modern youth.'

"We deplore Prohibition, we deplore the hypocrisy that surrounds disarmament, we are greatly interested in the welfare of Germany, we do understand France's view-point, the name 'Mussolini' is not always the cause of laughter, we are greatly interested in the great experiment (far more noble than another we could mention) being carried on in Russia."



Acme-P & A. photograph

"Oh, Yeah?"

The question boomerangs on Edna Ferber, who finds our youth limited in speech to this and football.

world." He goes on finding holes in the lady's argument, and speaks up with spirit:

"How can we do anything? Isn't it those very 'old men, or even middle-aged men,' who got the world into its present mess? And so we must save it, must we? I have yet to hear of any prominent middle-aged statesman turning over his office to a young man.

"If Miss Ferber would only say how she expects us to save it. But she is so indefinite. She would address us and say, 'Don't you realize you're all there is, that you have the future in your hands?' But please tell us, which one of us actually has any bit of the future in his hands?

"The future is not the dynamic, easily changed sort of stuff Miss Ferber implies. When we receive it, it has been hardened in the fires of past ages. The future is a product of the past, and if the past is beyond control, then how are we to control the future?

"Miss Ferber might almost be accused of shallow thinking. Is it any wonder that lots of us do shrug our shoulders and say 'Oh, yeah?'

"Youth movement, bah! Most youth movements originate in middle-aged brains, are governed by middle-aged policies, and are applauded by middle-aged hands. The older generations have set us the enervating example of 'après nous le déluge.'

and so they mournfully ask us to come across with a little of the old Viking spirit."

The Herald Tribune, editorially, finds Miss Ferber undiscriminating:

"What seemed to impress Miss Ferber most in her innocence abroad was what she vaguely describes as the 'youth movement,' an institution which manifests itself in the main in cross-country walking tours and political discussion groups, the precise foreign equivalents of the American hitch-hiking and the futile contrivings of college liberal clubs.

"What Miss Ferber seems to ignore is the fact that the American young people who did nothing on the steamer but 'go tramping and ramping up and down the decks' are not particularly representative of the great army of youth working in industry or the professions, who have no time for European junketing.

"It is to be feared that Miss Ferber's ideal young people, while they might be as conversational as Whistler, profound as Darwin, and intellectual as anything, would one and all be as dull as dishwater."

HEYWOOD BROWN, in the New York *World-Telegram*, also has a comparison:

"A brief visit to Princeton last spring convinced me that here there was a far greater interest in political problems than Harvard manifested back in the year 1910.

"It is impossible that the youth of to-day can be wholly impervious to the vast ferment which is bubbling all about him.

"The war also made a difference in the depth and nature of adolescent thought. I will grant that the fledglings here are far less articulate than those of England, France, and Germany. Yet even this is not always an unmixed evil.

"On the same night that I spoke in Princeton I happened into a New York home on my return and ran into young Randolph Churchill, the son of the British political leader. Several men at least twice the age of the young Briton were engaged in serious discussion about wages, prices, and the depression. But not one of them was ever able to finish a sentence, for young Churchill was equipped with some dogmatic opinion on every theme, and he never waited his spots before leaping in."

The *Hartford Times* feels "the Ferber point of view simply distorts the truth":

"Flappers and smart Alecks there are, to be sure, and plenty of them. But the case was so before Edna Ferber was born.

"That a race can sink into total decay, degeneration, and general desuetude in the course of a single generation is not argued by any mentionable annals of history. If the times we live in are flippant, heaven knows they also have problems thicker and more multifarious by far than was the situation during the 90's, and our observation is that the young people are taking that to heart at least as realizingly as are their elders.

"To think that they are all merely fudge-makers, gin-guzzlers, jazz-blowers, park-petters, and footless wise-crackers is a libelous and damaging exertion of the intellect."

When Miss Ferber confessed she "adored gin-drinking," she placed herself a target for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*:

"The confession, it seems to us, lets the lady out. That abominable practise can be condoned only when there is nothing else. Gin-drinking, we do not hesitate to declare, is the lowest form of alcoholic recreation.

"An enthusiastic gin-drinker may not be fit for treasons, spoils, and stratagems, the musings of his or her spirit may not be dark as Erebus, but there is something fundamentally wrong with any one who prefers gin, and the judgments of such a person may be dismissed with a *pouf*."

GRANTING Miss Ferber's facts, "the fault," says the *Milwaukee Journal*, "is certainly not with the children, but with the adults who have brought them to their present state":

"The blame is ours, and any fixing that is to be done should begin with us.

"Even a casual look around will demonstrate that we still have upstanding and serious-minded youths among us, but further observation will reveal that these children are from exceptional homes."

The Bolshevik Classification of Art

THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION is to be celebrated by the Bolsheviks in various ways, but no idea of theirs could be more unique, suspects the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, than the exposition of art.

These "shows" are to be based, it seems, upon "the materialistic conception of history"—upon the economic determinism underlying the progress of mankind.

A conspicuous illustration is afforded, we read, by the arrangement of the art collections in the famous "Hermitage" gallery at Leningrad (formerly St. Petersburg):

"Hitherto, the Hermitage had a well-recognized classification of its art treasures. The pictures formed one department, the works of the great sculptors another, the ivories still another.

"Masterpieces in precious metal like silver were allotted their separate gallery. Within these sections there was a subdivision according to nations, and the collections from each nation were classified according to schools and periods.

"The Bolsheviks have revolutionized all this.

"An executive decree calls for a fresh arrangement of the art treasures in harmony with the material conception of the historical order of human progress. The evolution of art is set forth in three main stages:

"First comes the art of the social system that antedated the class concept of human society. Next, we have the masterpieces of the class society of the ancient world.

"Finally, we have the art of the modern Western civilizations based upon class distinctions.

"Whatever is characteristic in the various objects of art is to determine their arrangement for the benefit of the spectator.

"Things that throw light upon the life and manners of a nation are to be appropriately grouped, as will also be household utensils, weighty domestic utilities, articles of furniture, religious decorations, and all that sort of thing.

"The main division—the art of Western civilization—will be set forth in the form of permanent exhibits.

"These will embrace the period of feudalism, the era in European history dominated by the great German industrial cities, the Italian commercial towns, and the Netherlands capitalistic centers, the whole terminating logically in a period of industrial capitalism and an epoch of Western imperialism.

"The masterpieces in this fresh distribution along historical economic lines are to expose the concept of beauty in the soul of man as he emerges from the darkness of capitalism into the light of Communism."

The Cover

THE portraits on the cover this week represent that august body, the United States Supreme Court.

Photographs of these magistrates have been treated in color by R. E. Leppert, art director of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Beginning with the top row, the first on the left, James Clark McReynolds, of Tennessee, was born in 1862, and was appointed to the Supreme bench August 29, 1914; Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts, son of the famous poet and writer of the same name, was born in 1841, and has served since December 4, 1902. Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming, has served since December 16, 1910, being born in 1859.

Pierce Butler heads the second row, born in Minnesota in 1866, and coming to his present post December 21, 1922. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, center of the group, was sixty-two when appointed to the Supreme Court February 13, 1930; Louis D. Brandeis, of Massachusetts, was born in 1856, and entered on his present duties June 1, 1916.

First of the final three is Harlan Fiske Stone, of New York, born in 1872, and elevated to the Supreme bench February 5, 1925; follows George Sutherland, of Utah, born 1862, and serving since September 18, 1922. Finally, Owen J. Roberts, youngest of the group, was born in Pennsylvania in 1875, and began his service in the Supreme Court May 30, 1930.



Washington's Farewell to His Troops

The opening scene in George Arliss's new screen picture, "Alexander Hamilton."

Early American Bigwigs on the Screen

SUCH A GALAXY OF EARLY AMERICANS can scarcely before have flitted across the screen as George Arliss surrounds himself with in his new film, "Alexander Hamilton."

His early play which forms the basis of the film has probably grown dim in minds that once saw it, and a younger generation will see American history vivified.

Washington takes farewell of his army and recedes into the background as *Hamilton* and his affairs, both political and social, take the center of the stage.

But *Jefferson*, *Monroe*, *Talleyrand*, *John Fay*, and *Philip Schuyler*, not to forget *Martha Washington* and *Betsy Hamilton*, revive the picture of the first days of the Republic.

Mordaunt Hall in the *New York Times* gives us the gist of the scene:

"This production, which was offered for the first time at the Hollywood [New York], is impressively staged, and occasionally one is reminded of certain aspects of life other than the political phases.

"There are the comfortable slow-going carriages, the ships that took six weeks to cross the ocean and aboard which the passengers carried their food, not forgetting hard-boiled eggs.

"The salary of the Secretary of the Treasury was the munificent sum of \$3,500. In fact, the spirit of those days of yore is captured in most of the episodes."

The story, we are told, skirts the edges of unpatriotic scandal, and leaves *Hamilton* still a schoolboy's hero:

"The plot is concerned with *Hamilton's* affairs with the adventuress, *Mrs. Reynolds*. He is blackmailed by her husband, and all manner of twisted stories are circulated about this *faux pas* in his private life to damage his prospects and kill his influence.

"This incident, however, is not done as convincingly or as interestingly as are those dealing with *Hamilton's* Treasury bills and the discussion on the selection of the place for the capital.

"Stubborn opposition to *Hamilton's* plans comes from *Roberts*, who is expertly played by Dudley Digges. *Hamilton*, always a polished and far-seeing statesman, has little in common with *Roberts*. It is *Roberts* who declares that *Washington* looks to him as tho he wanted to be a king, with *Hamilton* as his prime minister.

"The picture opens with *Washington* addressing the troops

and bidding them farewell. Alan Mowbray, who appears as *Washington*, does so in capital fashion. He has a splendid voice and the necessary presence. Montagu Love is a fine figure of a man as *Jefferson*. John T. Murray does quite well with the rôle of *Talleyrand*, and Lionel Belmore affords some mild amusement as *General Schuyler*, whose ambition is to have the capital of the United States of America in Albany. He is exuberant when he hears *Hamilton* put in a plea for Albany, done actually with the intention of sounding out *Monroe* and *Jefferson* as to what can be done in the matter of the 'Assumption' bill.

"Doris Kenyon is lovely as *Mrs. Hamilton*, but her diction belies her costume, for it savors too much of the present day. June Collyer as *Mrs. Reynolds* is so eager to stress the ingenuousness of the nature of the character that the idea of her being a temptress seems rather strained."

RICHARD WATTS of the *New York Herald Tribune* is not so pleased with this "ascetic" *Hamilton* of Mr. Arliss's "romantic" version—"saving the nation's credit, vanquishing such superficial politicians as *Jefferson* and *Monroe*, and, in the end, nobly declining to go back on his principles even tho his patriotism seemed destined to ruin his pleasant family life."

"It is hardly likely that 'Alexander Hamilton' will appeal to such ardent Jeffersonian Democrats as Claude Bowers and Walter Lippmann.

"Its *Thomas Jefferson* is a mere pompous political windbag, a shallow and oratorical fellow who is regarded by the authors as the William Jennings Bryan of his day. That, I think, is the photoplay's chief fault.

"It is not only that the portrait is so untrue to history, turning a great man into something considerably less than that; it is also because the drama is definitely weakened when its leading figure is thrown into opposition, not with a powerful combatant worthy of him, but with a thin and slightly clownish stock figure.

"The *Jefferson* of the picture is not, it is true, shown as participating in the plot against *Hamilton*, but certainly his actions during it and following it are those of a shallow and disagreeable theatrical creation.

"A study of the film's dialog suggests that, if the Arliss work is true to history, our forefathers were somewhat given to talking in copy-book maxims in Colonial days.

"One gathers, too, that George Washington seldom managed to forget that some day he would have a bridge named after him, while the French Ambassador, *Talleyrand*, never permits us to forget that his countrymen are fond of dancing, light wines, and acting like musical comedy Latins.

"At the same time, the picture is unquestionably effective in a calm sort of way. When *Hamilton* confounds his enemies by informing them rousingly that, altho they may break up his

home, they can not assail his patriotism, the episode is pleasantly dramatic, and when, in the end, his wife decides to stick to him, despite his lapse from grace, and *President Washington* comes to congratulate him on his achievements, the result is, in its quiet fashion, quite touching.

"Mr. Arliss hardly suggests the dashing figure that *Hamilton* must have been, but he plays the rôle with his usual skill, and in his softly sardonic way he is strikingly effective. Miss Doris Kenyon, as the wife, and Miss June Collyer as the temptress—the rôle which the late Miss Eagles played on the stage—are handsome and genuine, and Dudley Digges, as the scheming *Senator Roberts*, is, as usual, particularly fine. Montagu Love is unable to do much with the rôle of *Jefferson*, but that is not his fault."

Where Are the Playwrights of Yesteryear?

ELMER RICE AND PHILIP BARRY and Eugene O'Neill can't write all the plays.

But the American theater, to remain American, has to depend heavily on them.

So points out Louis Sherwin, who went to a high authority to find out what was the matter with American playwrights.

Gone Hollywood or gone silent seemed to be the reply gained from Jim Reilly, who has served the house of Frohman, man and boy, for many years, now holding the office of controller of the firm.

"No wonder the Theater Guild and Gilbert Miller and the Shuberts are constantly on the scout in Europe," remarks Mr. Sherwin in the *New York Evening Post*.

Serving as "roving reporter," Mr. Sherwin turns to Mr. Reilly for an explanation of the state of things:

"He had been mentioning casually a number of ventures the house will make during the coming season, including plays by Bourdet and, of course, the inevitable Molnar. All the authors' names he spoke were foreign. It seemed strangely reminiscent.

"One recalls that a quarter century ago the then very much alive 'C. F.' [Charles Frohman] was being constantly upbraided for his excessive devotion to European authors.

"Aren't you producing any American plays at all?" your reporter inquired, purely out of curiosity.

"Yes, we have one by Philip Barry and it's a peach," he replied. "Leslie Howard is probably going to do it."

"Now I happened to be working under Jim Reilly for a while, and I discovered that he is one of the few who never allow themselves to be hicked. He is never enthusiastic about any piece just because his firm is presenting it. If he says a certain work is splendid, it does not necessarily mean that it is as splendid as he thinks it is. But it does mean that he genuinely thinks so.

"Out of these remarks sprang the question and answer that began this little essay. Reilly added a significant remark:

"I don't know where all the American dramatists are. They've either disappeared or gone to Hollywood.

"But it's curious that since they formed their union, put over their minimum, and imposed all their demands upon the managers the preponderance of foreign plays is larger than ever.

"The outstanding successes of last season were from Europe. And you can count on one hand the American hits that have been written and produced since the dramatists won their argument with the managers."

Not so many years ago, it is recalled, almost any one you met had a play up his sleeve. Mr. Sherwin takes up this theme:

"Arthur Hopkins wrote a book entitled 'How's Your Second Act?' and asserted that if you asked that question of anybody, your banker, your taxi driver or a street-car conductor, you would receive an instant reply: 'Fine!' or 'I'm a bit stumped.' Mail-bags in the Times Square and Herald Square districts groaned daily with manuscripts. The cost of getting them read, when they were read, was considerable.

"Not alone managers but established playwrights and even dramatic critics were swamped with requests for 'your frank and

honest opinion' on gosh-awful manuscripts confected by a friend of a friend of a friend.

"Successful dramatists soon found that the only way to protect themselves from subsequent wild and irresponsible charges of plagiarism and the fantastic expense of having to defend themselves against such charges in court was to refuse to read any manuscript whatsoever except their own.

"For similar reasons one of the big movie companies to-day will return unopened any envelop containing manuscript from an unknown. This sounds tough and unfair to the unknown, but they have been bitten so often that you can't rationally blame them.

"Dramatic critics soon found that one of the quickest ways



"Senator Roberts" Snarls at "Hamilton"

"Roberts" (Dudley Digges) declares that "Washington" looks to him as tho he wanted to be king with "Hamilton" (Mr. Arliss) as his Prime Minister.

of adding to their already substantial crop of enemies was to accede to such requests.

"Of course only a very guileless fellow will take seriously a demand for a 'frank and honest' opinion.

"But in truth any opinion that is not couched in superlatives is treated as an insult.

"By it you will have offended not only the author but the chain of friends who have recommended him.

"So the critics gradually learned that their best defense against this nuisance was to say that they made it an invariable rule to charge a fee for reading a manuscript. They were quite safe: nobody ever had the price.

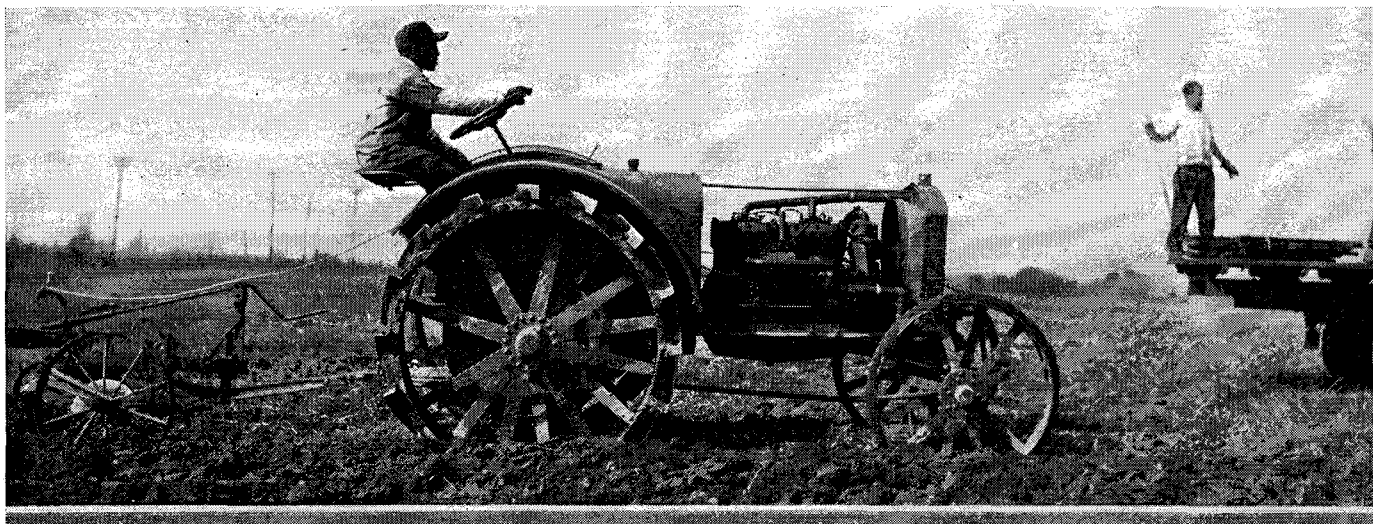
"It should hardly be necessary to add that no critic's opinion ever was worth such price.

"The situation that Mr. Reilly outlined is all the more remarkable because a few years ago it looked as tho the American drama was teetering on the brink of a Golden Age. But what do you hear to-day of Abbott and Dunning, the authors of 'Broadway'; of Stallings and Anderson, of Maureen Watkins?

"Several of the newcomers of yesterday are in Hollywood, including Don Marquis and Edwin Justus Mayer.

"Yes, I know Marquis is no chicken, but he is a comparative newcomer to the theater and preeminently one of those who might have made it more brilliant and satisfactory."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



Courtesy of *The Review of Reviews* (New York)

Prisoners Cultivating Soil and Soul in New Jersey

The State farm has been substituted for blocks of cells, and the convicts do not attempt to escape.

The Hoe as a Cure for Crime

FIRE!

A long blast of the siren called the men from their work in the fields. Twenty gangs were hastily summoned from the ranks of 260 and sent out to beat back the rapidly advancing flames. Exultantly they raced out. All during the afternoon and long after dark they fought the fire burning through wood and brush, and it was near midnight when the last spark was stamped out.

Lining up in squads, the men marched back. But when the roll was called, twelve were missing.

But Superintendent Karlberg didn't send out a posse with rifles and bloodhounds. Instead, he dispatched several motor-trucks, and ordered them to turn their search-lights toward the forest. The drivers sounded their horns and, presently, faint halloos were heard in the distance. Soon the twelve men came straggling out of the woods, where they had been lost in the dark, and all were returned to their quarters.

The felons at the New Jersey State Farm, near Leesburg, do not want to escape. No armed guards watch them. The State of New Jersey, William Inglis tells us in *The Review of Reviews*, has established a system of human economy by which it attempts to reclaim all the convicts who can be brought back to normal, and make them self-supporting at the same time.

But there is no competition with free labor. The products of the farm are sold to other State institutions.

THE State farm has been substituted for blocks of cells, and we are told that the plan is being tried by other States—Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, generally with good results. But New Jersey is believed to have made the most success, says the writer. "The foundation of the Jersey method is the scientific system of selection of convicts who can be trusted not to run away from the farm—40 per cent. of the State's prison population." There is no coddling. "The prisoners are there to work for all they are worth. The State simply gives them a fair chance to make good." This is how it works:

"These men at Leesburg are up before six, eat a good breakfast, and begin work at seven. With an hour at midday for dinner, they work till five, then march to quarters, have half an hour to bathe and get ready for supper. They return to their barracks, or read, talk, and play games in the big recreation-room, and go to bed at nine.

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"The kitchen is large, well lighted and ventilated. The food is not only wholesome but appetizing and well cooked. Each man stops long enough at the service window to help himself to his portion—Lord! how these farmers do eat!—then marches to his place at table and enjoys his meal in comfort. They may talk if they wish.

"They have about the same kind of plain, nourishing food that a college crew or football team has at training table—with one exception; there is no butter. It would cost the State \$15 a man per year to provide butter. Yet, if the felon wants it he can buy butter out of the twenty-five cents a day he receives for his labor. He can also buy tobacco, sugar, candy, and toilet articles.

"The men all gain weight, health, and strength on the farm. In the busiest seasons they can earn forty-five cents a day at road building."

ANOTHER State farm is at Bordentown, near Trenton, and of his visit there Mr. Inglis writes:

"Your establishment seems to me more like Muldoon's or Bill Brown's health-farm than a prison," I remarked to Lieut. Waldo A. Page, the superintendent. "Tired business men pay Bill \$150 a week apiece for the care your lads get free from the State."

"But the business men can walk out whenever they like," Mr. Page replied. "Our men are bound to stay here until the State lets them go—a big difference."

"What holds them?"

"Enlightened selfishness, if you care to call it that," he answered. "They know that running away would put them back for a long term in prison cells. Compared with that, the farm is like a convalescents' home. And that's what it is for most of them—a home that builds up their health, physical and mental, gives them a chance to become real men."

Only men who can be trusted to stay on the State farms are selected, we read:

"Every convict sent to the State's prison is carefully examined, not only as to his physical and mental condition but as to his entire history. He is treated, not as a specimen of the degraded criminal class, but as a sick man, one whose character has been warped by some twist or deficiency into abnormality.

"That sick man is weighed, measured, analyzed with care. In a month a clear clinical picture of him has been made—or, rather, a set of pictures, each in the mind of an expert in dealing with delinquents.

"One of the most significant discoveries in a searching examination of the latest 2,000 felons sent to the New Jersey State's

prison is that only 44 per cent. of them are of normal mentality, while 56 per cent. showed some type of psychosis.

"At the end of a month the observers compare notes on the man and judge whether it is safe to trust him on the farm. These judges are: the resident physician, the psychologist, the psychiatrist, the industrial director, the head teacher in the prison school, and the deputy warden, who is the chief disciplinary officer. If these six agree that the convict will stick to the farm, they recommend him for that privilege. If even one disagrees, he studies the man until he is convinced, or until he can prove that the man is unsafe outside of the Big House.

"Men indicted for murder, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to long terms have been found capable of being trusted outside of prison walls. So have some highwaymen and burglars, altho four-fifths of the crimes of violence are committed by men of low intelligence."

AND what is the lesson? Does this show of mercy help the criminal? And how does it compare in cost with keeping the criminals behind stone walls and iron bars?

This is the testimony given to Mr. Inglis by Col. Joseph D. Sears, committee chairman of the New Jersey State's prisons:

"Our experience convinces us that about 40 per cent. of all the convicts in this country can be safely kept on farms under minimum restraint. There they would have a far greater chance to become normal, and the nation would save many millions of dollars in keeping them.

"It costs from \$5,000 to \$7,000 per man to house convicts in the crowded steel cell-blocks, with stone walls, armed guards, etc. On the farms, the housing costs only \$1,000 to \$1,200 per man. Our farm prisoners earn five-sevenths of the cost of keeping them, reckoned as from \$1.10 to \$1.15 per day per man. Under maximum restraint they earn far less.

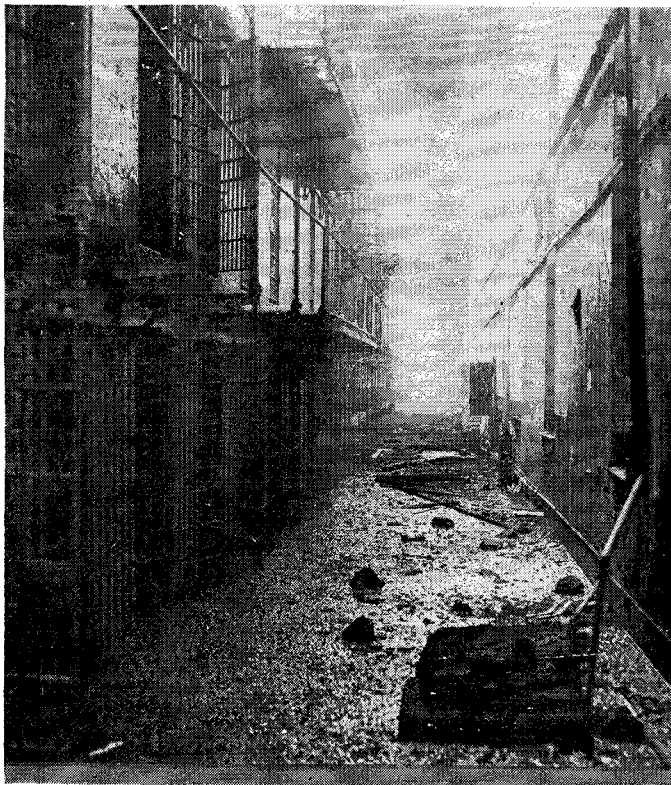
"Our methods and results have been checked and approved by such men as Prof. E. R. Johnstone and Doctors Edward Doll, Paul B. Means, James Quinter Holsopple, F. Lowell Bixby, Martin H. Reddan, and J. W. Crane.

"We are convinced that the basis of prison administration should be to make the punishment fit the man, not his crime. We believe that we have found an economical way of helping twisted men to go straight."

Making Jobs

MORE than 100,000 jobs for the temporary relief of unemployment were furnished in a recent city-wide campaign in Springfield, Massachusetts. A committee formed a list of 100 kinds of jobs and called on citizens individually to pledge work at forty cents an hour during a six weeks' period. And *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) tells us:

"As a result, 800 persons quickly pledged more than 5,000 hours of work. All except twenty pledges were kept. The exceptions were persons who had moved away from town or for other reasons failed to carry out their plans. A basis of confidence was established between the unemployment office and the committee that enabled the service to be maintained after the original pledges had been discharged. More than 2,500 persons have received work, including nearly 1,000 women. Work is better than charity. Springfield and other towns and cities that have tackled the problem in this spirited fashion are deserving of high praise."



When Idleness Turned to Desperation

A contrast—cell-house shambles in the Colorado State Penitentiary resulting from the mutiny of two years ago. Seven guards were murdered, and five convicts committed suicide.

The Jew on a Christian Campus

THE JEW WAS AT THE GATE.

The college officials went into a huddle.

It was a question of how to control the Jewish invasion of the college.

And the college officials were perplexed. The Jews continue to assault the gates of learning, and even sometimes hide their racial identity under English names in order to get in. Their hunger for an education is not to be denied.

The problem of restriction was particularly acute immediately

after the World War, when there was a tremendous rush to the campus. "Keep down the Jewish percentage, but do not seem to be doing so, was the order; admit a limited number of *white* Jews, but close your doors to the others." Alumni insisted that the college belonged to them because it was built on a Christian foundation, and objected to restrictions which would exclude their children in favor of Jews. Where the colleges were forced to explain why they limited Jewish entrants, they would say that they were admitting races on a percentage basis just as the Government applies the principle of restricted immigration. Yet the result is a definite discrimination against Jews.

BUT, continues Harold A. Woodruff in *Harper's Magazine*, "they are the most intellectually eager people in the world, ready to suffer and to starve, if necessary, for the privileges of an education"; and they can be counted on to

get it in spite of all opposition. It is time, therefore, says Mr. Woodruff, to analyze the problem of the Jewish student on a campus which is Christian by inheritance at least. The name of the writer, by the way, is a pseudonym, we are told, for a college professor with wide experience in higher education who feels that he can write with greater freedom if he conceals his identity. He examines the problem sympathetically.

"The basic difficulty which the Jewish student faces is not religious, but racial," Mr. Woodruff maintains. "It comes in the circumstance that he finds himself caught between two impulses to conform, that of his college and that of his race and family."

If the Jew is orthodox, he finds great difficulty in harmonizing his religious practises and the necessities of living in a Christian group. "The college would pour him into its mold; his racial traditions would keep him as he is."

IN this connection, Mr. Woodruff says he is "sometimes amused at the inconsistency of the Jewish accusation that Christians are exclusive; for the Jewish people are probably the most exclusive in the world. So powerful is their racial solidarity that they can live for generations in a country without losing their basic culture and essential characteristics." So far as Mr. Woodruff knows, there is "only one student organization deliberately designed to develop in young minds a single racial culture;

this is the Menorah Society; its objective is to inculcate Jewish traditions and Jewish culture."

Indeed:

"The feeling of racial solidarity which tends to keep a Jew a Jew produces what Gentiles superficially refer to as clannishness, but what is really much deeper. Jews cling together, in college and out, because they are essentially gregarious, and because they feel a protection against Christian aggression in the unconscious organization of the Jewish community. There is no freemasonry as strong as this support which they give to one another.

"In college elections I have seen Jewish students vote for Jewish candidates because they were Jews. I have seen them attach themselves to Jewish instructors for the same reason. I am not suggesting that, with the two cultures clashing as they do, the Christian students are any less unwilling to stand together; I believe, however, that the bond between Jew and Jew is much stronger than that between Christian and Christian, and that, until both cultural groups can see each other simply as fellow students, there can be no real unity between them."

STRANGELY enough, Jewish home life is also a factor which differentiates Jewish culture from modern Christian culture. Parental interest and affection, which too often become parental meddling, pursue the Jewish student into the campus and the office of the dean. "Too often, therefore, the college administrators have to deal with Jewish boys who are being pushed by overzealous or selfish and stupid parents into professions for which they have no aptitude and no appetite."

So it is, then, that—

"Racial solidarity and family cohesiveness on the one side, and the traditions of a Christian college on the other, provide for an array of forces which create for the Jewish student genuine spiritual conflicts. He has, furthermore, certain racial traits which interfere with his adjustment to his environment, and which set him apart from his Christian fellow students."

A few of these traits are defined by Mr. Woodruff. The Jews are industrious and intelligent; they study hard. "By setting a sharp academic pace, they have raised the standards of scholarship with the result that requirements both for admission and for graduation are higher now than they were a generation ago, and college students are more serious-minded than were their college fathers."

Notwithstanding that they have developed many athletes, the Jews are primarily an indoor people. "It is difficult even to get them to take enough physical exercise to keep their bodies in good condition." This attitude toward the cult of college sports has served to cut them off from their Christian fellows.

They are more emotional and volatile than Gentiles, tho Mr. Woodruff acknowledges that this characteristic gives them an advantage over the Christian. The Jews, as Mr. Woodruff describes them, "are the most thin-skinned and sensitive race in the world, easily hurt, and readily moved to a display of emotion that is none the less genuine because to the more restrained Christian it seems to have a shallow basis."

Another trait which has an unfortunate influence is "the stiff-necked persistence" of the Jewish student, which "seems admirable when applied to his studies, and pestiferous when it

A Flower Sermon

By Kathleen Lee

IN the soft dusk before the night
The *lilies* gleam like flowers of light,
Reminding us that there may be
Some brightness in obscurity;
And all the sweetness of the *rose*
The tender power of love foreshows,
Unselfish love that is content
With spending, yet is never spent,
Nor can its firmly-planted seed
Uprooted be by word or deed.
Dark *pansies* in a shady grot
Bid us have patience with our lot,
While *marigolds* tell us to bless
Our own small worlds with cheerfulness
Daisy and *pink* and pale *sweet-pea*
Alike enjoin humility;
Bright *sunflowers* in corners stand
Like golden angels hand in hand,
Calling on grateful hearts to raise
With them to heaven a psalm of praise. . . .
So if their message we discern,
Grace from each flower we may learn.

—The Times, London.

appears in his repeated efforts to wangle some concession from dean or professor."

ALMOST necessarily, then, his difficulties in college do not tend to make the Jewish student a loyal alumnus. "If the college has admitted him grudgingly, treated him cavalierly, and seemed interested mainly in collecting his term bills, he may very well feel that when he graduates his account with the institution is closed."

Later, John Cabot will blackball Jacob Kabotsky when he applies for membership in the alumni club, or snub him:

"And when, the day after his cold-shouldering of Jacob Kabotsky in the alumni club, John Cabot calls at the Jew's office with his smooth arguments for a substantial contribution to the coffers of his college that has done so much to bring them equal culture, who can blame Jacob if he does not reach very immediately

for his fountain-pen and his check-book?

"And, thumbing over the alumni checks, the chairman of the 'drive' misses Kabotsky's, and muses thus: 'These Jews are not giving; they make poor alumni; I must write to the admissions committee.'"

The Dreamer's Job

CAN WE BUILD A BETTER WORLD out of the stuff of dreams?

In "John Mistletoe" (Doubleday, Doran) Christopher Morley writes that "it is not the dreamer's job to heckle society for its cruel and spectacular follies, nor suggest remedies for civilized misery."

"But it is," replies J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the New York Times:

"That is precisely his [the dreamer's] job; he has no other. Civilization being always threatened by those who have no capacity for dreaming and who want to make it safe for stupidity, it behooves those who know better to take charge tyrannically.

"We dreamers and artists must bear the brunt of the conflict; no one else will. When a question of principle is at stake, it behooves the critic to assume all the prerogatives of the artist, thrust his opinion down every throat, and cast his lot in with a wiser world."

"Well," comments *The Reformed Church Messenger*, taking up the cue, "the preacher is a combination of dreamer, artist critic, and prophet. He is the ambassador of the Most High God, and of all men he must not truckle or trim, or in any sense weaken and pervert the divine message":

"But the willingness to call sin by its right name and to summon sinners in the pews to repentance must not be spoiled by the disposition to negative and controversial preaching or personal attacks from the pulpit, which are all too common.

"Nor is it necessary to enter into gruesome details with regard to certain questionable acts or places. We read the other day of a preacher who described a certain speak-easy at such length and with such eloquence that some men in the audience who had never heard of the place were moved by curiosity to visit it. This may or may not be true, but it suggests some dangerous possibilities. There is a pulpit sensationalism not far removed in its ethical quality from the pernicious tabloid newspaper."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The Goal Line or Bust!

HE WAS A SUBSTITUTE on a big Eastern varsity football team. He had known all the heartaches that a sub falls heir to.

Through game after game he had sat on the bench, chained to inaction while grandstands roared and the shock troops of his outfit bucked the line, covering themselves with glory.

Would his chance never come? Would his gridiron career end as it had begun, with bench-warming?

But what's this? He is wanted—singled out by name. Something has happened on the field of battle, and they need him—at last!

It was during a game in the Yankee Stadium, New York. Edwin B. Dooley, former all-America star, tells the story, with a budget of other good ones, in *The American Magazine*.

"Time out" had been taken, it seems, and "when the trainer rushed out on the field carrying his emergency kit, the captain asked him to tell the coach to send a certain player on the field."

THIS particular substitute, Mr. Dooley explains, had "all the fire and enthusiasm necessary for a successful football man, and he had waited three long seasons for his chance. "He rushed on the field with the prancing gait of a race-horse coming up to the barrier. He was rarin' to go. Breathless, he reached the team, which was huddled together talking over the situation."

And here, alas! we arrive at an anticlimax. "Take off your pants," said the captain, "and give them to Jack; his are badly torn. You can put his on."

Crestfallen, Mr. Dooley adds, the substitute obeyed, and without a word trotted back to the bench, "holding tightly to the torn moleskins, which all but dropt off him as he ran."

Not all Mr. Dooley's yarns have such a sad ending. He begins with a dramatic picture, typical of the struggles that hundreds of thousands of football fans throughout the country are looking forward to witnessing during the crisp Saturday afternoons to come. This way:

Out of a pile of mud-covered bodies, flailing arms, and skidding legs came the ball carrier. A feint to the right, a straight arm to the left, and he was out in the open, heading full tilt for the Army's goal line.

Some one shouted, "C'mon, Schwartz," and seventy-five

thousand rabid football fans took up the cry. Soldier Field in Chicago rocked, that day last fall, with the thunder of uncontrolled cheers, as the Notre Dame back sped for a touch-down.

High in the south stand a Chicago debutante, wrapt snugly in a blanket and shielded from the rain with a shiny oilskin slicker, peered over her squirrel collar and looked adoringly at her escort.

"It must be wonderful to run for a touch-down with all these people going simply crazy about you," she said.

And then, looking down to where Schwartz was just handing the ball to an official, she added, "My, but he's wonderful, isn't he, Ted?"

"Yeah," answered her boy friend reticently, half wishing he were in Schwartz's boots. "He's a great player all right. That touch-down was perfect. Now, if Army will make two, everything will be 'jake.'"

The crowd was frantic now. It had seen what it came to see—a long run and a touch-down. It had experienced something of the rare thrill that comes to a player when he breaks away, eludes the clutching hands of opposing backs, sees the safety man dive hopelessly at his elusive cleats, and at last crosses the enemy's goal. And yet the crowd could guess little of the actual thoughts and feelings of that player in the moment of glory.

SHORTLY after the game our narrator, Eddie Dooley, cornered the South Bend hero. Eddie's mind was bent on a psychological question. "What were you thinking about when you ran for that touch-down?" asked the former All-America

star. And this is the answer he reports:

"Gosh, I don't know. I just felt as tho I had wings and as tho the fate of the world depended on my getting across the goal line. I don't think my mind was very clear on anything. All I knew was that the big moment had come and I had to make that touch-down."

"Well, what were you thinking about just before you got away?" I queried.

"Oh, I was just hoping that I could take that ball under my arm, cross the Army's goal, and keep right on going to the dressing-room. It was cold and sloppy down there in the mud and rain, and a warm shower and some dry clothes would have felt fine."

Schwartz didn't give a hang about the crowd. He was hardly conscious of the shouts and cheers. At first, all he was thinking about was a touch-down, and some dry clothes. Once he got by the Army forward wall the thought of dry clothes vanished in the thrill of scoring for the team.

The same is true of any normal football player. The moment you feel you have a chance to score your mind becomes a



Photographed for *The American Magazine* by Paul A. Hesse

Oh, Boy! "Out of a Pile of Mud-Covered Bodies and Flailing Arms Came the Ball Carrier"

one-track affair. It's the goal line or bust, and every ounce of energy, mental and physical, is concentrated on attaining that end.

IN the Cornell-Dartmouth game at the Polo Grounds in 1924, Eddie Dooley himself happened to get away for a long run and a touch-down, and he relates:

Bob Hall, one of our fleet-footed backs, tossed me a short pass over the line. I caught the pigskin on my finger-tips.

I remember the indescribable thrill of speeding along the side of the field, hoping to outstrip the Cornell backs. I was conscious of being whirled along in a sea of faces. I felt as tho I were running on air rather than solid turf. The shouts of the multitude seemed far in the distance, but now and then the sound of a familiar voice would penetrate the din. Vaguely I saw the red jerseys of the Cornell backs loom up and disappear. Out of thousands of faces my eyes fastened on the countenance of an old friend I hadn't seen in years, who was sitting directly behind the goal posts. It was great. And when I crossed the final stripe I was infinitely happy.

The pleasure a player gets from football does not come from the cheers of the crowds, the praise of enthusiastic sports writers, or the adulation of friends. The real joy comes from the game itself—from the hard, rugged, bodily contact; the self-imposed ordeal of rigid training; the knowledge that one is doing his part as a member of a team.

Football has changed considerably in recent years, Mr. Dooley tells us, declaring that the days of the domination of hard-bitten coaches are past. In fact:

To be respected and admired by his team, the coach to-day must be a gentleman, a leader, a teacher, and a friend.

With the change in the attitude of coaches came a change in the attitude of players toward one another. In the old days, say twenty years ago, teams regarded each other as enemies, out for each other's scalps. That attitude has been supplanted by one of friendly rivalry.

An old-timer who played football in the robust 'eighties told me recently that in his day when a player had an injured right leg he'd bandage the left one. He knew that his opponents would kick the very tar out of the leg that was bandaged.

College football to-day is almost entirely free from the taint of "dirty play" or unfair tactics.

More than any other sport, football is a team game, and every man who has received the plaudits of the multitude knows how little he really deserved them. Red Grange was as brilliant a runner as ever trod the crossbarred field. He had more elusiveness than Coy and was faster than Mahan. But he knew that without a big full-back in front of him to bowl over the tacklers he wouldn't have traveled five yards, save on rare occasions.

In four years of college football I can not recall a single instance of a player's sacrificing teamwork for personal glory. A lineman, seeing his pal beside him taking a terrible physical beating from a larger and more powerful opponent, will come to the rescue of his team-mate by playing a rip-snorting game and wearing down the offensive charge of the opponent by hitting the latter harder than usual on his charge.

Football fans, cheering wildly for their favorite team, little realize the soul-stirring struggle that is taking place on the field. Every man is giving everything he has in every play.

At one point in the Dartmouth-Yale game of 1924, "Swede" Oberlander, one of the greatest backs the game ever had, plowed through the line for a short gain.

Two plays later, seeing that the defensive tackle was out of position, I called him again for an off-tackle smash. But "Obie" took the ball head-on through guard.

Thinking that he had missed the signal, I called on him again for an off-tackle plunge. Once more he went through guard.

Convinced that something was wrong, I called "time out." Big Jim was staring blankly ahead.

"Twenty-two! Thirty-four! Eighty-six! Jim," I called. "What play is that?"

"That's me through that bloomin' guard," mumbled Obie.

By that time Harry Hillman, the trainer, had arrived. Knowing the signals thoroughly, Harry grabbed Obie by the arm, saying, "No, Obie, that signal means you and me to the showers."

Big Obie had been out on his feet for several plays; but through the fog that enveloped his mind, after a crack on the head going through the line, he was still conscious of the cardinal principle of team play—carry on!

It's too bad, says Mr. Dooley, that the crowd can not take part in the humorous incidents which occur on the field of play, or hear the quips which pass back and forth across the line of scrimmage, "all in the spirit of friendly kidding and rivalry." Thus:

Fritz Crisler, one of Alonzo Stagg's great Chicago ends, was a notorious "goat-getter." Some years ago he was playing a bang-up game against Stan Keek, of Princeton, as solid a tackle as ever graced a line.

Crisler's playing was inspired, and with McGuire, the Chicago tackle, he was boxing Keek beautifully. Keek was famous at the time, and Crisler pretended not to recognize him. Once, after blocking Keek out of a play, Crisler said, "Say, young fellow,

you're muffing the chance of a lifetime to get your name in the head-lines. If you could make a half-way decent showing against me your reputation would be made. But, as it is, you'll have to buck up or Roper will send Keek in to take your place."

Riding across the country on one of Notre Dame's intersectional trips last year, Knute Rockne stopt beside a fourth-string substitute, who was gazing at the bucolic landscape.

"Harry," began Rockne, "the score is seven to six in favor of the opposition. Our team has the ball on the opponent's thirty-yard line. There's three minutes left to play, and it's second down and five to go. Quick, now—what would you do?"

"I'd move over on the bench, Coach."

When Dartmouth played Chicago a few years ago, a mid-Western clothier offered a suit of clothes to the player of either team who scored the first touch-down. During most of the season, Myles Lane, brilliant half-back of Dartmouth, had been on the receiving end of the forward pass. Because of Chicago's peculiar defense, however, the Dartmouth pilot felt it would be better to switch the usual forward-pass play by calling on Lane to do the tossing.

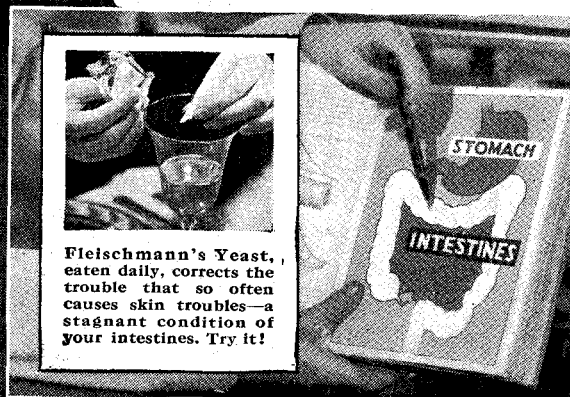
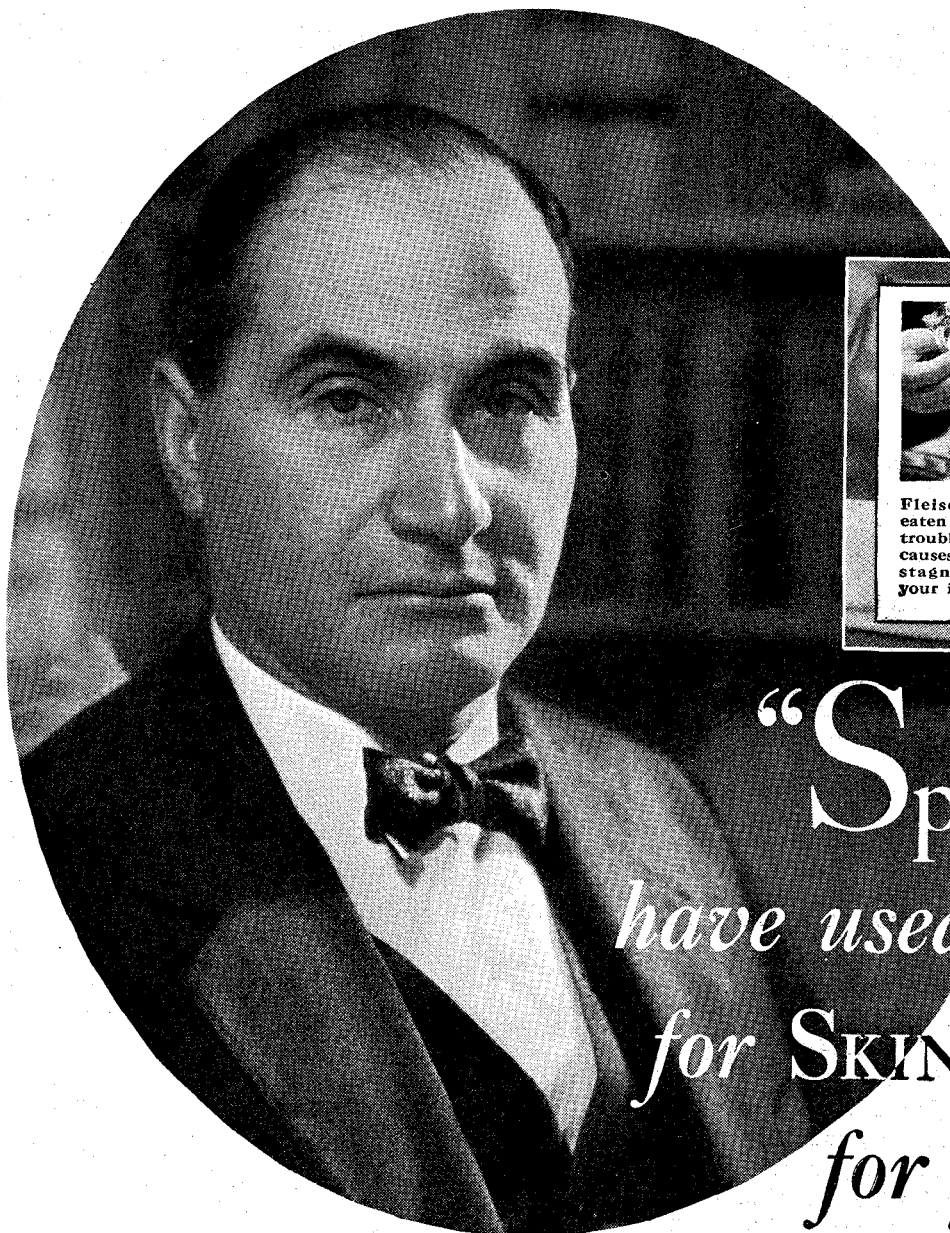
Myles told me that when he heard that signal his heart dropt. He took the ball from the center, ran back, turned quickly, and tossed a beautiful pass to Tully, crack end. "And when I let go the ball," said Myles, "I saw a nice new suit flying through the air, away from me, and into George Tully's arms."

The latter crossed the goal line wearing a huge grin.



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Hot Work, Hunting Winter Meat With Eskimos

A ONE-TON BOLOGNA SAUSAGE with handsome tusks was dozing on the Arctic ice-pack, untroubled by any thought of danger. But without warning it collapsed in a manner that suggested the sudden deflation of a balloon. Otherwise, we are assured, it made not the slightest move. The hunter's bullet had found its mark.

"I had broken the walrus's neck," writes Robert Frothingham

These natives have instructions to hold off shooting until you've had your shot. I'll give you the word when your chance comes, but if you're not ready, right on the dot, you'll never know whether it was your bullet or some one else's that got your game."

That appeared to make the gruff old veteran feel a trifle easier, and he said kindly, "What sort of a contrivance is that camera of yours, anyway?" I had a stereoscopic camera, with a viewfinder on the side, which I have learned to hold fairly steady on a level with my eyes, and I explained it to him.

"Hell's bells!" said Jim. "I thought it was some new-fangled pair of binoculars you had there. Can you take a picture with that outfit while you sit low in the boat?" I assured him that I could.

THE three skin boats "moved forward practically on a line, about a quarter of a mile apart, and arrived at the edge of the ice-pack at the same time," says Mr. Frothingham, continuing:

That mile or more from the cutter seemed to have been covered in a mighty few minutes. No more silent paddlers could be imagined than those fifteen Eskimos. Not the slightest trace of a sound when the paddle was dipped or when it was lifted from the water.

Our mile dwindled to a half-mile, to a quarter, to 250 yards, to 100. We could count at least five of the monsters on the floe we were approaching, all lying with their backs toward us, and not a pair of

tusks to be seen. How many more there were behind this group of five could only be conjectured.

Suddenly, the one right in line with the prow of the boat lifted its head, displaying a fine-looking pair of tusks. Instantly every paddler "froze." The huge creature gazed around, apparently saw nothing to arouse suspicion, and lurched back.

"That's your game," whispered Jim Allen, "but not yet."

The 100 yards shrank to fifty, and it looked as if we would beach the old umiak against the broad back of my walrus.

Just then Jim gave me the word. I lifted the camera with a steadiness which was later revealed in the negative, but which I was far from feeling. Gently putting the instrument back on the bottom of the boat, I raised my rifle.

Jim had already impressed it upon me that there was only one place to plant a bullet in a walrus to assure immediate death—about ten inches back of the eye. But there wasn't an eye to be seen, not even a head; nothing but the broad back of the neck presented itself for my consideration.

"Let 'er go," whispered Jim. "These 'Skimos won't wait another split-second." My bullet found its mark.



Photograph by Earl Rossman. From Ewing Galloway, New York

Bringing Home the Bacon in the Arctic

Point Barrow Eskimos giving a slain walrus a ride from shore to village.

in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. "Or rather, it would be more correct to say that I had broken its back at the spot where there is a neck in every other animal."

Then bedlam broke loose. Mr. Frothingham reminds us that with him in the umiak were five Eskimo hunters, every one of them highly excited and "each armed with a high-power rifle." Figure, he suggests, "the necessity for keeping the umiak head-on to the ice-floe, thus compelling every one of these wrought-up natives to shoot over your head. No chance for shooting from the side, as no one knew when the boat might have to be 'beached' on the ice-floe to avoid a wounded animal in the water. Imagine thirty bullets being fired as rapidly as those semicrazy Eskimos could pull the trigger."

Mr. Frothingham had come on this walrus-hunt on the pack-ice of the Alaskan coast in the summer of 1930, presumably for the experience. Jim Allen, ex-whaleman and trader at Wainwright, had come with twenty or so Eskimo friends, who in their turn were after their winter meat supply. The Coast Guard cutter *Northland* carried the party to within a short distance of the ice, where Mr. Frothingham saw to his amazement thousands upon thousands of walruses, reminding him of Gargantuan bologna sausages, stretched at lazy ease. In tense silence, the account runs on:

The three umiaks were lowered from the davits, and the excited natives, quivering in every nerve, dropt down the ladder, each taking his place, with paddle, rifle, and spear, five to a boat. Jim Allen beckoned me and we took our places in the first boat, I in the bow, Jim right behind me. We were about to push off when Jim noticed the camera between my feet.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked; and there was the least suggestion of resentment in his voice and eyes.

"I hope to get a picture of a 'live walrus' before I start any shooting," I said.

"Don't forget that this is a hunt for meat," he rejoined; "you can't stand up in the boat to take pictures, and I don't suppose you can get 'em any other way. If you're looking for a trophy, you'd better drop that camera and stick to your rifle."

"Jim," I said, "I'm not going to stand up in this umiak either to shoot or take pictures, or anything else. Not if I know myself, I'm not!"

"Well," he replied with a trace of resignation, "it's up to you



Ewing Galloway

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Washington the Man: His Private Life

This article applies to Question Two in the NATIONAL SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST in cooperation with the GEORGE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION, established by an Act of Congress.

It is the second of a series of brief historical studies by Clifford Smyth, author of "Builders of America." The first was printed in THE LITERARY DIGEST of September 19.

Question Two:

What was there in Washington's private life that led people to respect him more than they respected most other men?

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MYTH HAS DONE much to blur the intensely human quality that was a fundamental part of Washington as he appeared to those who knew him.

His private life, out of which grew the essential integrity of his character, offers the key to what might be called the Washington riddle.

Untoward circumstance forced him to fend for himself at an early age. Later the admiration and affection of his half-brother, Lawrence, left him heir to the estate of Mount Vernon, to the management and development of which he brought such skill and unrelenting industry that he soon became known as one of the most prosperous farmers of Virginia.

With this prosperity—the basis of it, in fact—went a reputation for honesty and fair-dealing that won for him much of his popularity throughout the country. Even Great Britain accepted the written word of Farmer Washington as the symbol of absolute probity.

The average American farmer had obstacles enough to overcome before the British customs officials passed his goods. Exports from America were regarded with suspicion. A consignment of farm produce was opened, its contents rigorously weighed and inspected, much to its owner's inconvenience.

The punctilious English official, however, learned through experience that a bale of tobacco—it was usually tobacco—stamped "Washington, Mount Vernon," contained exactly what its sender declared it contained, hence there was no need troubling with the usual routine of weighing and looking for contraband. The "Washington, Mount Vernon" package was passed without inspection.

"We can not," writes Emerson, "find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits." Neither is it likely that his striking outward appearance, the nobility of his features, his martial bearing, could alone explain the homage invariably accorded him. A marble statue, no matter how excellently modeled, is not apt to kindle an emotional fire in the beholder's breast.

Thomas Jefferson wrote of him: "His person was fine. His stature exactly what one would wish. His deportment easy, erect, and noble."

THE conditions surrounding Washington's private life from the very first were those calculated to encourage the homely virtues. He lived, for the most part, away from towns and cities, coping with the forces of nature. His friends, especially the Fairfaxes, were people of a fine, ample culture, thoroughly aware of the intellectual life of their day, modest in the estimate of their abilities. Washington's own household was singularly happy and well-ordered. Between his wife and himself existed a strong, unbroken bond of sympathy and affection. He was devoted to her children, and lavished on them all a father's care in their upbringing.

There was an unobtrusive stateliness about Mount Vernon when "Farmer Washington" was its proprietor that endowed it with a character all its own, and which still impresses the modern visitor. In its heyday it was noted for its hospitality as well as for the decorous simplicity reigning within it. Washington, indulging little in the pastimes of his stepchildren, encouraged them in whatever would make for their innocent enjoyment.

He was a deeply religious man, altho, on analysis, the theologian might not find him strictly orthodox. But his firm trust in the beneficence of a Higher Power is abundantly shown in numerous passages culled from private letters to his personal friends:

"The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked, that has not gratitude to acknowledge his obligations."

"The great Ruler of events will not permit the happiness of so many millions to be destroyed."

"But as the All-wise Disposer of events has hitherto watched over my steps, I trust, that, in the important one I may be soon called upon to take, he will mark the course so plainly as that I can not mistake the way."

"At disappointments and losses which are the effects of providential acts, I never repine, because I am sure the All-wise Disposer of events knows better than we do, what is best for us, or what we deserve."

NOT even his beloved Mount Vernon was so dear to him as the liberation of his country from what he had come to regard as a foreign, tyrannical power. While he was commander of the Revolutionary forces he learned that a company of British soldiers, on their way up the Potomac, had been entertained at Mount Vernon by his nephew, Lund Washington. Furious over the news of this misplaced hospitality, he wrote demanding an explanation. Mount Vernon would have been razed to the ground, declared Lund, if he had not propitiated the soldiers by some show of cordiality. The irate proprietor's reply was swift and to the point:

"It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshment to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

A similar outburst of anger came from Washington when at the close of the war, his army, choosing Nicola, one of his staff officers as its spokesman, proposed to make him "king of the United States." Had Washington accepted there is every reason to fear that a large majority of his countrymen would have hailed his decision with delight. But he was without personal ambition.

"With a mixture of surprize and astonishment," he exploded, "I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being any such ideas existing in the army as you have exprest, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. . . . I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

ALWAYS he was Farmer Washington; in the expression of opinion he inclined to regard others more capable. Thus, he

sought the advice of those upon whose judgment and skill as writers he could rely in the preparation of his state papers. As an orator he was hopelessly at a loss.

To see him in his habit as he lived leaves an impression from which the marble statue idea is pleasantly absent. His adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, thus directed a visitor to Mount Vernon:

"You will meet sir, with an old gentleman riding alone in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff which is attached to his saddle bow. That person, sir, is General Washington."

On another occasion, a famous English comedian, John Bernard, who had recently made a notable hit in Philadelphia as *Sir Peter Teazle*, was on a holiday walking tour through the South. He stooped to offer assistance to a lady and gentleman occupying a coach that had fallen into one of the treacherous holes along the rough road which he was following. His efforts to rescue the unfortunate couple from their predicament were unavailing until another pedestrian, "a tall, well-drest farmer, somewhat over middle age," lent his aid. This farmer's extraordinary strength soon righted everything and the rescued travelers went rejoicing on their way.

"Then" [writes Bernard in his *Autobiography*], "my companion, after an exclamation at the heat, offered very courteously to dust my coat, a favor the return of which enabled me to take deliberate survey of his person. He was a tall, erect, well-made man, evidently advanced in years, but who appeared to have retained all the vigor and elasticity resulting from a life of temperance and exercise. His dress was a blue coat buttoned to his chin, and buckskin breeches. Tho the instant he took off his hat I could not avoid the recognition of familiar lineaments, which indeed I was in the habit of seeing on every sign-post and over every fireplace, still I failed to identify him, and to my surprise I found that I was an object of equal speculation in his eyes.

"Mr. Bernard, I believe," he said."

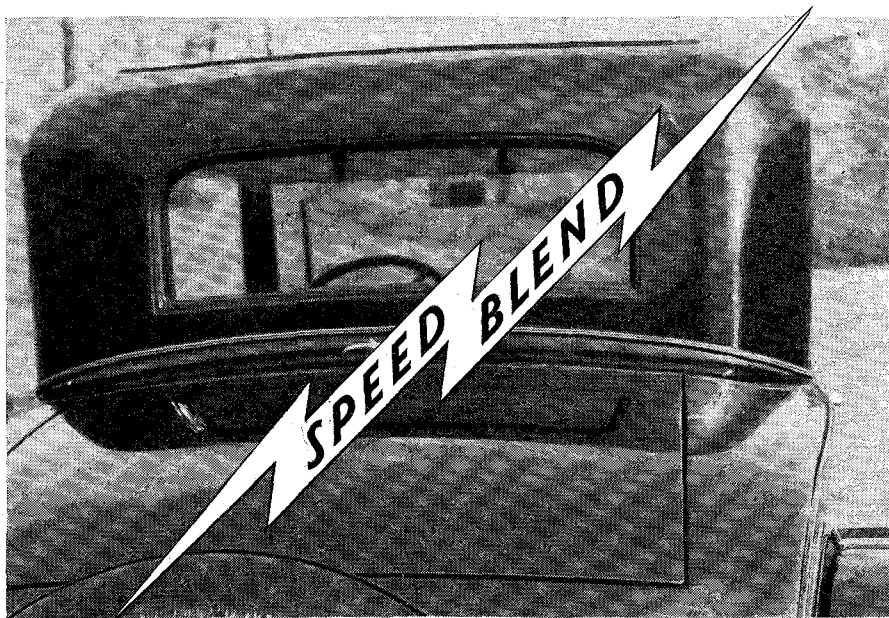
The stranger had seen Bernard in a play in Philadelphia. He invited the astonished actor to accompany him to his house, which was near by. He pointed it out in the distance. A glance was enough. Bernard recognized the building.

"Mount Vernon!" I exclaimed: and then drawing back with a stare of wonder, "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?" With a smile whose expression of benevolence I have rarely seen equaled, he offered his hand and replied: "An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard, but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private and without a prompter."

The actor's subsequent interview with his host furnishes one of the most delightful glimpses we have of Washington in his study in Mount Vernon.

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Wide World

The Four Horsemen of Argentina—Also Their Fair Mascot, Who Doesn't Hide Her Delight

From left to right, Andres Gazzotti, Juan Reynal, Mrs. José Reynal, Manuel Andrada and José Reynal, all in the first flush of their United States Open Polo Championship victory at Meadowbrook, Long Island.

How Crippled Argentina Captured the Polo Cup

HHE PULLED HIS RIGHT ARM out of its sling. He unwound the bandages from his badly sprained mallet hand.

Tho his left shoulder was badly strained, too, beetle-browed Manuel Andrada drove his team to victory, and won the United States open polo championship cup for Argentina.

The score was 11—8.

Crowds stopt traffic in the Avenida de Mayo down in Buenos Aires, to cheer Andrada's heroism, as the news of this victory came to them through a megaphone, says an Associated Press dispatch.

It was a victory for a team of native Argentinians—a reckless hell-for-leather outfit, as Peter Viseher, editor of *Polo*, characterizes these Santa Paulans. It "goes after everything, rides to the last ounce of energy, and never knows when it's licked."

Scheduled to play in the injured Andrada's place, Alfredo Harrington had torn a leg muscle in a bad fall from a pony on the very eve of the championship match at International Field, Meadowbrook, Long Island.

There was no alternative, Andrada decided. And this is how he made immortal polo history, according to Lewis Burton of the *New York American*:

His right hand swollen so that he could barely grip his mallet, Andrada nevertheless stroked and rode with such undeniable fury that he completely wrecked the hitherto smooth attack of the Hurricanes [American defenders of the championship], and formed the foundation stone of a crushing onslaught by Santa Paula.

In precisely the same fashion that it paved its way into the final, Santa Paula gained the championship.

The Buenos Aires team of Andrés Gazzotti, Juan Reynal, José Reynal, and Andrada clinched the victory in the final period with a barrage of goals that a few minutes before seemed an unlikely conclusion to a tight contest.

In the last analysis, it was smoother

passing, more daring riding, and the great efficacy of Andrada's bad hand that won for Santa Paula.

Andrada's hand was bad in the sense that it was wicked. Time after time the Santa Paula leader dashed down on the cage to make a thrilling save with a shot that sent the ball clear of the goal by many yards.

Sanford, at the spear-head of the Hurricane attack, was reduced to helplessness by Andrada's marvelous defensive performance.

Guest and Captain Roark registered four times apiece, but they could not force Sanford to smash his way past Andrada, nor could they check the latter themselves. Two of Andrada's goals were scored on free hits, but they were made in telling fashion, and the other three goals were scored when needed most.

It was the triumph of compact, coordinated team-work, Harry Cross writes in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Andrada's courageous daring keyed up the crowd of twenty thousand to highest reaches of emotion, so that the climax of the match brought every one to his feet. Mr. Cross writes of the dauntless captain:

Andrada's performance will be remembered many years on Long Island polo fields.

From his back position, mounted on the fleetest horses in the Argentine string, he not only played back, but was so much up forward that he led every player on the field in goal shooting with five.

Between periods his aching right hand received medical attention, but as soon as he was astride one of the fleet Argentine ponies and the whistle had blown, Andrada forgot his aches and pains and rode so furiously that it seemed at times as if his mounts would drop from exhaustion.

Not only was he up in the front line, but his double duty also kept him in close touch at the right times to halt Laddie Sanford, the Hurricane leader, as he picked up the drives of Guest and Roark to take toward the Santa Paula goal.

Working also in double duty with Andrada was José Reynal at No. 3. More than once he divided his keen



Underwood & Underwood

Manuel Andrada, a Host in Himself

attention between two of the Hurricane riders.

Yet with all their scheme of position play disarranged, the Santa Paula men did a remarkable job in never once forgetting their passing game, and their short, crisp hits were forever bouncing among the shoes of the Hurricane mounts.

The contest was a mixture of keen fast playing and rough-riding. Captain Wesley White blew his whistle for many fouls, and there were others which went unheeded on both sides when the riders jammed about the truant ball.

Many times during the thick of the stormy riding, the lead was within the grasp of the Hurricane team, but each time the losers bore down with their greatest pressure, the Santa Paula side loomed up with surprising reserve strength to quell the onrush.

It was a seething battle between the mounts. Andrada had his fastest horses in Yarara and Mio Mio. His performance on this latter mount in the seventh period found him playing back and dashing up front time and time again to outrace the field.

ANDRADA scored the first goal of the game a few minutes after the match started when he was riding Pampero. He drove the ball in after a neat pass from Juan Reynal. Further we learn that:

The Hurricanes were at times bewildered by Andrada's performance, for at one moment he would be at back, and next he would be up in front to pick up a pass. José Reynal hit a ball up to his brother and raced on ahead to pick up the pass from Juan to score the third goal after Juan had shot the second.

In the seventh after one attack had failed Guest, following up a long drive, belted the ball under his pony to score. Again in that same period the Hurricanes, trying desperately to come from behind, were crowding the Argentinians so hard that Guest crossed in front of Andrada for a foul, and the Santa Paula leader shot a goal from the 25-yard mark.

In the last chukker, after Sanford had come from nowhere to make a beautiful save right in front of his goal, Juan Reynal followed the ball and smashed it in from the side. Guest hammered another long one down the field, and Roark picked it up to score. Andrada in a great burst of speed on the Argentine mount, Pichon, scored the last two goals with only two minutes to play.

There was a hearty demonstration in front of the club-house on the west side of the field after the game, when the four smiling Argentinians received the championship cups.

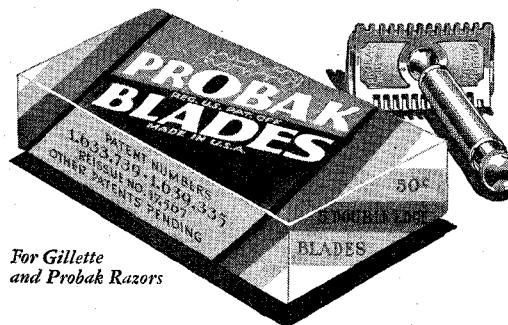
No smiles had crossed the countenance of the swarthy Andrada until victory was assured to the Santa Paulans. In the eighth period these South Americans swung up and down the Meadowbrook field like so many wheeling airplanes, to follow Robert F. Kelley's vivid simile in the *New York Times*, and Manuel Andrada was the overshadowing hero of that spectacle. As Mr. Kelley writes:

Few games that the American championship has ever had were quite as exciting as this one, with its background of a crippled team making its last stand, and the acknowledged brilliance of the players on the other side.



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UNBEATEN queen of the fillies, undefeated belle of the race-track, mighty daughter of Dis Done and Flyatit—in such terms the racing experts of the daily press tip their hats to Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's Top Flight after that colt had "breezed home" as the winner of the forty-second running of the Futurity at Belmont Park.

Not only is Top Flight hailed as the successor of that "queen of queens," Regret; but this two-year-old did some things, as Henry V. King of the *New York Sun* expresses it, no other filly of her age ever did—"she carried top weight of 127 pounds and decisively defeated the best colts in training." Let us turn to the *Brooklyn Eagle* for a spirited account of the celebrated Futurity, as described by W. C. Vreeland:

She romped home in front of eleven juveniles, the pick of the two-year-old colts and fillies of the season.

Behind Top Flight, struggling gallantly but vainly, was Walter J. Salmon's Mad Pursuit with 122 pounds, with Malley in the saddle.

He beat home the Dorwood stable's Morfair, 122 pounds, Munden up, by a length. The time for the Widener Course, 170 feet short of seven furlongs, was 1:21, two-fifths of a second behind the time made by Jamestown last year.

By her victory Top Flight is all that her name implies.

It was her sixth straight triumph of the season. Never once has she been fully extended.

Her portion of the gross prize—\$113,980—was \$94,780.

This brought her winnings for the year to date to \$162,830, the top liner of the season and for many seasons. Last year Jamestown's portion, with 15 starters, was \$99,300. When Whiehona won in 1929 his share was \$105,730. Mad Pursuit earned \$7,800, Morfair \$4,400, and Pompeius, which finished fourth, garnered \$1,000 for W. R. Coe.

It was Workman, who rode Top Flight, who furnished the thrill. He patiently made no move with Top Flight during the early stages. The daughter of Dis Done-Flyatit was racing on the outside, hidden, save for her big white face, by the bodies of Pompeius and Morfair, the early leaders.

Just when the hearts of Top Flight backers were beating like trip-hammers, Workman gave her a free rein, and, presto, like a bullet out of a rifle, she shot to the front. In six strides she was free and clear—and the race was over barring the cheers of her delighted admirers.

CREDIT for Top Flight's amazing triumph is given by Tom Thorp, writing in the *New York Evening Journal*, to the veteran trainer Thomas J. Healey. Mr. Thorp adds these details concerning the education of this new princess:

This capable horseman planned her campaign from the very moment he set eyes on her as a foal two years ago.

Her broad forehead and beautiful head convinced the veteran he had an unusual filly in his charge. He educated her with the expectation of having her win title honors. Those close to the popular horse-

man know how much time and attention he put in developing this great filly.

A mother could not have been more patient and careful with her offspring. Top Flight was under observation every minute since she was broken as a yearling last summer. The result is that she is one of the best-mannered youngsters in training.

Top Flight is one of the best prospects for a brood-mare that we have had in American racing in years. She has plenty of size and stamina.

In fact, she is so robust she resembles a stud in build. She has broad hips, and is deep through the chest. What is more, she has one of the most intelligent heads of any thoroughbred in training. All of these are necessary attributes to a successful brood-mare.

REGRET, the "immortal filly," was the best of her sex as a three-year-old in 1915, and the only filly to win the Kentucky Derby, Henry V. King recalls in the *New York Sun*. With the undisputed title of juvenile champion, an unblemished record, \$162,830 in earnings and half a dozen coveted stakes, including the Clover, Lassie, Saratoga Special, Spinaway, Matron and Futurity to her credit, this expert is convinced Top Flight is destined to an equally magnificent career. Mr. King adds these interesting side-lights:

Mr. Whitney was greatly pleased with her victory. She was one of his favorites last year. He liked her looks and breeding, and was surprised at the speed she displayed in her yearling trials.

It was because of her rapid way of going that he named her Top Flight.

The race gave him an added thrill, for Top Flight was his first horse to win the rich and historic stakes, and he was the third one of the Whitney family to capture it. His grandfather, William C. Whitney, won it with Ballyhoo Bey, and his father, Harry Payne Whitney, accounted for it five times.

Top Flight is a fine looking, well-made filly, and a truly great two-year-old, and horsemen predict she probably will beat all the three-year-old fillies next year, and that she may take the colts into camp, too, but all of them would prefer to see her possess a more robust build and constitution next year.

She is as sound as a bell of brass, and a long vacation in the fields at Brookdale Farm is likely to do her a world of good physically, they assert.

Top Flight's race in the Futurity convinced 25,000 racegoers that she is a magnificent young race-mare.

She did something no other filly her age ever did—she carried top weight of 127 pounds, and decisively defeated the best colts in training.

According to a *New York Evening Post* editorial:

Top Flight is well named, but it was merely accidental, for it is said a stable boy, watching the Whitney two-year-olds being led out of the barn last winter, remarked when he saw this one, "There is the top flight of the bunch." She is a large bay, noticeable for her large pop eyes. Her stare is likened to that of a wild animal. She does not know the sting of a whip.

Making Broadcasters of Forest-Fire Protection Scouts

SMOKE sighted in Buzzard Canyon! The loud-speaker announces that fact to the forest officer.

He presses appropriate buttons, twirls the dials of his radio set, and a flying squad is dispatched without delay to exterminate the red enemy creeping through the hills.

In a not-too-distant future, forest fires will thus be prevented, Charles E. Randall suggests in *American Forests* (Washington).

To D. L. Beatty, forest inspector of the Northern National Forest Region, was assigned the radio project. A specially designed apparatus—light enough for rapid transportation, and tough enough to be jogged over mountain passes on the back of a mule or bounced over rutty mountain roads—has been tested by the Naval Research Laboratory and the Bureau of Standards. Mr. Randall recounts these encouraging results:

The new Forest Service set is a combination transmitter and receiver. As designed, it weighs, with case, phones, key, batteries, and antenna wire, about seventy-nine pounds.

Last summer, under Mr. Beatty's direction, the new apparatus was given a preliminary trial in field work on the Columbia National Forest, in Washington.

In one case—when the Sepsican fire broke out in the forest—sole reliance was placed on the radio for communication, and radio helped save the day.

HERE we are given an account from the record of a month's work with radio on the Columbia National Forest, as written by one of the experimenters:

We have a central radiophone station and seven portables in operation, at distances varying from fourteen to forty-five miles, airline. One lookout has radio as his sole means of communication.

The other portables are being used by road and trail crews, and are moved from point to point as the crews move. The portables communicate with each other and with the central station by Continental code, at prearranged intervals. The central station uses voice.

Within my experience, the portables have put out a good, steady signal, consistently reliable. As an example of the steadiness, I copied down signals from one of the portables all evening and the next day, without touching the receiver other than to turn it on.

The power output of the portables is small, but seems to be ample for ordinary conditions. I have copied a portable with ease at a distance of 350 miles, airline.

Hence it would appear that the safety factor for transmission over a distance of twenty-five miles, which has been the Forest Service objective, is large.

The portables have been moved about considerably both by truck and pack, and have stood up under it satisfactorily.

Aircraft are becoming increasingly important for quick transportation of men and supplies and for reconnaissance of going fires and areas of high fire hazard.

If immediate communication between aerial observers and ground forces can be established, the value of aircraft in fire control will be greatly enhanced.

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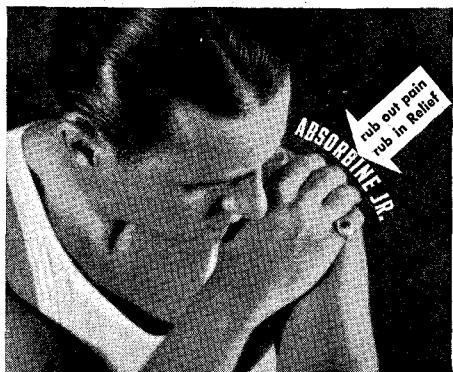
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Spotting the Black Spot in a Mosquito's Stomach

LIKE a great white courtyard of flagstones they stretched out under his eyes.

But they were only the stomach tissues of a dead mosquito, spread out on the glass slide under a microscope in a hospital laboratory.

The heat was stifling. The man wiped his brow and eyes, readjusted the lenses of the microscope wearily, and then returned to his exploration of that great expanse of infinitesimal cells.

Carefully he went through those tissues so fatiguingly familiar to him—had he not dissected and examined thousands of mosquitoes? He kept on searching every micron—the millionth part of a meter—with the same passion an archeologist might devote to some great ruined pile in a hunt for a hidden treasure, small in bulk but immense in value.

His name was Ronald Ross. His search for the malaria germ took place thirty-four years ago, when he was surgeon-major in the Indian Medical Service.

The other day in London eminent scientists and other admirers, including the Poet Laureate, gathered at the Ross Institute for a luncheon to celebrate Colonel Sir Ronald Ross's discovery.

Sir Ronald tells the story of that discovery in the *London Daily Express*. A scientist who has published poems and novels too, he recounts with vivid detail that "glorious adventure" of "Mosquito Day"—August 20, 1897. Here is Sir Ronald's own story:

I might so easily have finished that day's work, as I had finished so many previously, without finding the object of my long quest.

All that I was looking for, and all that I found on Mosquito Day, was a discolored cell in the tissues of a dissected mosquito—something about the size, comparatively, of a ping-pong ball in the body of a rhinoceros, but a good deal more elusive.

The parasites of malaria had already been identified by the French army surgeon, Laveran, in the blood of malarious patients. The task I had set myself was to find them in the mosquito, as this seemed to be the only way to discover how the dreaded fever was carried.

August 20 was a sultry, overcast day. We had been having terribly trying weather, because the monsoon had failed.

At 7 A.M. I examined my patients, then attended to correspondence. After a hurried breakfast at the mess I returned to continue the unsuccessful voluntary work in my laboratory at the hospital.

The results were negative. Altho I did not know it, these mosquitoes were not of the sort which carry malaria germs, the anopheles.

I then sacrificed one of two remaining mosquitoes of a different species which I had recently found. Like the others, it had fed on malarious blood.

I had written the day before to my wife in regard to this particular species, to tell her that perhaps I had been using the wrong kind of mosquito hitherto, but that I was hopeful of this species.

I made the dissection carefully again. It was excellent, from long practise, altho my eyesight was fatigued, the sweat poured down my forehead, and the eyepiece of the overworked microscope was cracked. Again I examined the tissues, bit by bit.

At last I straightened up. There was nothing.

These mosquitoes, I felt, were also going to fail me; there must be something wrong with the theory.

I must have examined already the stomachs of quite a thousand mosquitoes. I was tired and very discouraged. Why bother with this?

But I began the search again, and almost immediately I saw a clear and circular outline before me about twelve microns in diameter. The outline was much too sharp, the cell too small to be an ordinary stomach-cell of a mosquito.

I looked a little further. Here was another, and another, exactly similar.

I remember readjusting the microscope, after wiping my brow and eyes. I looked again. In each of these cells there was a cluster of small granules, black as jet, and exactly like the black granules I had seen so many times in the malaria cells in human blood.

I laughed out aloud; shouted for the hospital attendant. He was away, having his siesta.

Strangely enough, the overworked brain of the surgeon-major failed to register the importance of his discovery. There was, Sir Ronald confesses, no joy, no exultance in his response.

It was all too good to be true—therefore, he decided, it was not true.

Nature, he told himself, had played him one more trick. Nature, he was certain is more subtle, more complex than the mind of a humble scientific research student.

But then came the most mysterious part of his strange experience:

I carefully drew the cells I had seen, and made notes. Then I went home to tea and slept solidly for an hour.

When I awoke with my mind refreshed, my first thought was "Eureka! The problem is solved!" I seemed in my sleep to have hit on the explanation of the pigment I had seen in the gastric cells of the mosquito.

Happily, I was right, and the next day, with growing excitement and a shaking hand, I dissected the last of my surviving anopheles mosquitoes, and once more found the malarial parasites, but larger, because they had been developing for another day.

There was much hard slogging work to do before the demonstration of the parasite's life-cycle was complete, but what I saw at the end of my session of work on that day was the first glimpse of a knowledge destined to save countless numbers of human lives.

My exaltation, damped for a long time by many difficulties, some of them unnecessarily placed in my path, was a reaction from wearing disappointment, long overwork, and the extreme discouragement I suffered from the mockers and the official obstructionists who strongly disapproved of a surgeon-major in the Indian Medical Service striving after so important a discovery, instead of spending his time playing polo and going to the horse races.

A Shy Man Is Introduced to Half a Billion, Gold

TO look five hundred million dollars' worth of gold in the face is a curious experience.

Morris Markey, *The New Yorker's* alert "reporter at large," followed a consignment of Argentine gold bars, packed in kegs, to the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank in lower Manhattan, and presents a sharp-lined picture of those subterranean vaults in which the vast gold reserves of this country are stored.

He describes first of all the loading concourse of the Federal Reserve Bank at 33 Liberty Street. This platform is encircled with a thick steel balustrade with portholes every two yards, the whole "designed to withstand a revolution." The heavy kegs of gold are taken on hand-trucks from this platform to an elevator. That elevator is equipped with no lever for starting or stopping. Its descent is controlled from without.

The guide explained to the reporter from *The New Yorker*:

"All the elevators to the vault are operated by a man in a control-room on the lowest floor.

"He takes his directions by telephone.

"He doesn't need a system of countersigns, because he recognizes the voices of the foremen.

"The vault has three floors: bar gold and coins on the bottom, currency on the second floor, securities on the third.

"Under this arrangement with the elevators, it is impossible for an employee to announce one destination and stop secretly at another.

"Then, in case of trouble, if the man in the control-room shut off all the elevators, nobody could get down to the vault at all.

"There's no stairway."

THEY stepped out into a brightly lighted corridor eighty feet underground, forty feet below sea level, and nearly fifty feet beneath the tracks of the new subway. Three men of middle age, unarmed, wearing clean white shirts and black neckties, greeted the visitors. Other men in blue uniforms, with pistols at their belts, stood on guard. Then came the most fascinating part of Morris Markey's tour of inspection:

The three men in white shirts were leading us through a succession of barred doorways which were unlocked for our passage by sentinels who stood mutely by.

But presently, in the wall of a square room that was brilliantly illuminated, we came to a different door.

It was of that familiar sort which one sees in bank cellars everywhere: an immense thing of steel and oiled bolts, time-locks behind glass faces, levers, and brass knobs.

It was rolled back upon its hinges now, but in the passageway which it would bar during the night there were two gates of grilled iron.

In each of these gates there were three locks. One by one, the three men in white shirts stepped forward, and each inserted a key. When all had done this, they stepped back to give us passage—and suddenly there we were.

That was when Morris Markey came

face to face with some five hundred million dollars in gold. It had a decidedly sobering effect, he confesses:

Gold in solid bars is no bauble and no gimcrack.

In the yellow, steady gleam there are a profound earthliness and a portentous tangibility that are not come upon with flippancies.

Slim neat bricks, at once the anchor and the hurricane of human dreams—warm and hypnotic to the eye—not a symbol of value, but value itself. . . .

There was a long narrow alley, and on either side of the alley there was a row of little cells.

The cells were partitioned from the spectator and from each other by a coarse steel mesh, and in each the lights were burning very brightly.

The locks were small—not so large as the wax seals that were paired with them in the gate-links. We paused before the first cell.

Its interior was constructed after the manner of a very small and compact library.

Shelves were built around the three walls from floor to ceiling, and in the space that remained in the center, slim sections of shelving stood neatly ranked.

The bars of gold lay on the shelves with their ends outward, in long, even rows. They were small, hardly so large as a brick, and we could read the numbers stamped into each one. A small and flimsy tag hung by a thread from a loop in the mesh. The tag said: "N. Y. Assay—99.9 fine—\$75,455,720."

One of the three guards said: "These are New York bars. They weigh about thirty-five pounds each, and each one is worth a little less than eight thousand dollars. These"—he led us a few steps to the next cell—"these are Denver bars. You see they are considerably larger. They are worth about ten thousand each."

ANOTHER cell was filled with Kafir or Rand gold from South Africa. The guide showed Morris Markey ingots from the Rothschild refineries—small bars shaped like pigs of lead or iron. Other cells filled with bullion from which coins will be made—90 per cent. fine, almost copper red with richly gleaming lights in it. Its alloy makes it slippery, so that it is hard to handle.

Then the reporter for *The New Yorker* was taken to the coin-room:

Here, too, cells were arranged along a corridor, but the gold was not naked to the eye.

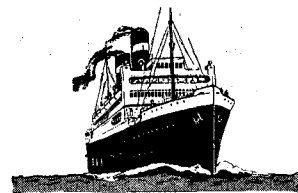
Each cell contained about fifty million dollars in double eagles, and the coins were in neat white bags, very flat, that were stacked like bags of sugar.

One cell, however, did not contain American coins. It was filled with forty million dollars in English sovereigns.

The value of these coins was not ascertained by calculating the dollar value of a sovereign. The English coins were weighed on a giant pair of balances that are accurate to one ten-thousandth of an ounce, and the worth of the gold they contained was thus computed.

"Virtually all of this gold," said our guide, "belongs to the Government. A little of it is here on storage from the

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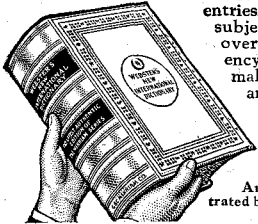
The Punishment of Tantalus is Immortalized in Our Word **Tantalize**

Greek mythology records the story of King Tantalus who seriously offended the gods and was punished in an extraordinary manner. He was placed in the midst of a lake whose waters reached his chin, but receded whenever he attempted to allay his thirst. Over his head hung branches laden with choice fruit, which likewise receded whenever he stretched out his hand in an attempt to satisfy his hunger. Tantalus became the symbol of teasing and torment, and his name is the origin of our word *tantalize*. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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banks, but most of it is reserve, against which we issue bank-notes."

Some of these bank-notes were stored in one of the cells in the coin-room. But it was just an emergency supply—thirty million dollars' worth—enough to fill the needs of all New York banks for one day, in case something untoward should happen in the regular currency division of the Reserve Bank on the floor above.

Most of all Morris Markey is impressed with the indestructibility of this gold—"the eternal nature of the dense, gleaming stuff." We condense his final speculations:

The gold that exists in the world remains in the world, and that which they dig to-day is simply added to that which men have been digging since time began.

Mixed in those bars were gold mined when Solomon's glory lay far ahead in an incredible future, gold snatched from the ears of crying girls by Tamerlane's captains, gold once beaten into slim lovely chains by Benvenuto, or into queer, thick amulets by some forgotten Aztec craftsman, gold that intoxicated the Conquistadores into nameless cruelties, and tiny chunks of gold that once were the price of a whole life's toil—these were inextricably fused in those bars with the gold that came yesterday out of some unromantic Colorado mine.

All, all melted together and poured into those oblong bars, it made the foundation for this scheme by which we live, and of which we are so proud.

They were telling us of the protections for it: ninety leathernecks under an old Army colonel; a wall of steel and concrete, eight feet thick; innumerable electric devices to betray a bold thief. But it seemed incredible that any one should dare to steal it. Nobody has ever tried.

Three blocks away from these impregnable vaults even more gold is stored. More than a billion and a half dollars' worth, in the cellar of the Assay Office, but curious and romantic visitors are not permitted to wander among those treasures.

The Assay Office is a chemists' shop for the determination of the fineness of gold, and it is also the most important gold exchange. Anybody can sell gold there, or buy it. The gold that is purchased by the assayers is melted into bars, but the melting is all done at night, because the fumes of the furnaces would disturb people in near-by office buildings.

Two billion dollars in gold—within a space of three blocks—became no longer a symbol, the cosine of human striving and human dreams. It became simply two billion dollars: enough to run the city government a little more than three years, enough to pay the soldiers' bonus through 1932, enough to carry on a moderately impressive war for more than twelve months.

One More Success Recipe.—T. D. writes with regard to a joke recently printed in this column: "The threat of the merchant to an employee who had asked for a raise that if he wasn't careful he would be made a partner, and so get nothing, recalled to my mind a bit of advice once given by a successful man:

"Work faithfully for eight hours a day, and don't worry, and in time you may become a boss, and work twelve hours a day and have all the worry."—*Boston Transcript.*

Tom Thumb Prairie "Wolves"

YIP! Yip! Yip!

It sounded like the ferocious bark of a mouse-sized bulldog.

That ferocious squeak came from the mouth of a grasshopper mouse, doughty the miniature hunter of the Western plains.

But this "miniature wolf," as Vernon Bailey describes him in *Nature Magazine*, indulges in all sorts of squeaks and talking notes and expressive gestures, especially when tracking down an elusive grasshopper, when the short tail wags as excitedly as that of a setter dog closing in on its quarry.

We have heard and read lately a good deal about the grasshoppers that devastated the wheat- and corn-fields in South Dakota and Nebraska this summer. They were, despite all reports to the contrary, the heavy-bodied, short-winged fellows that are unable to migrate for long distances,



From *Nature Magazine*

Wolfing a Grasshopper

according to Mr. W. R. Walton, in charge of the Federal Department of Agriculture's cereal and forage insect investigations.

Mr. Bailey, chief field naturalist of the U. S. Biological Survey, who has spent some forty years among the animals of the West, now presents a close-up of the devastating grasshopper's deadliest enemy—this so-called grasshopper mouse, first observed on the upper Missouri River by the German Prince Maximilian of Wied, a little less than a century ago. Some twenty-three species of these "little warriors," Mr. Bailey writes, play an important part in the animal economy of a vast area on the Western plains. Further:

In the prairie country where grasshoppers are numerous and at times a great scourge, these insects are the regular fare and favorite food of the mice; but if these are not common, scorpions, crickets and beetles, weevils, caterpillars, flies, butterflies, moths, and other insects are eaten.

Fresh meat of any kind is eagerly eaten, and many small animals of their own size or smaller are captured for food.

In the mouse world they are miniature wolves, hunters by habit, fearless because they are confident of their own skill and superior strength of jaws; good trackers, often smelling out their prey, and following it unerringly until it is cornered and captured.

Wolflike, they have their hunting calls, and seeing one lift his nose and open his little mouth with a prolonged, fine shrill

whistle, you can but think of a wolf sitting in the same position, giving his hunting call of a longer and coarser howl.

Often the answering reply comes back from a neighboring cage or from the sagebrush not far away. In the spring mating season the call is most often heard, and altho to us it means little, to them it means ready communication for considerable distances.

SOMETIMES a big grasshopper can kick so hard that the mouse is upset. But the grasshopper never escapes from this relentless captor, so Mr. Bailey assures us. Picturesque details demonstrating how gentle, unafraid and confident and trusting these mice are of man's friendly intentions if properly treated, are recounted:

When hungry they will eat almost their own weight in meat or insects overnight.

One that I had in camp out in Arizona made a good supper on a large praying mantis and twenty medium-sized grasshoppers.

At home at one time we were troubled by cockroaches that came into the basement and the kitchen, so I moved a cage containing a pair of grasshopper mice into the kitchen at night, opened the door of the cage, and shut the doors of the kitchen.

In the morning both of the mice were fast asleep in their comfortable nest in the open cage and around the edges of the floor there were little clusters of cockroach legs and wings.

Before the maid came down in the morning I closed the cage and put it back in my mouse-room.

This was repeated many nights until no more cockroaches could be found in the kitchen.

Then I moved the cage to the basement and left it open all winter and let them have the run of all the rooms.

They had plenty of water and sunflower seeds and rolled oats in the cage, but for a time found better food in the cockroaches, mealy bugs, spiders, and occasional beetles from the corners and cracks.

Generally they were found in the nest in their cage, or in other nests in the woodpile, and behind boxes, where they stayed part of the time, but I had only to set a live trap or prop up the lid of the cage with a straw when I wanted them again.

LIKE other small rodents, Mr. Bailey writes, this grasshopper mouse is neat and clean, delights in bathing in clean sand, but has no use for water. Sharp little claws are used as combs to keep their fur dry and fluffy. Another admiring note:

In disposition, grasshopper mice are comparable to bulldogs, good-natured, because not afraid; self-possessed, because confident of their strength. One old male, called Ony, that we kept for several years, became very large and fat, finally weighing 74 grams, almost three ounces, but he was always gentle and good-natured. He had the run of the mouse-room and, with several others, slept daytimes in a comfortable nest in an open wire cage.

A large kangaroo rat, about twice as heavy as Ony, also had the run of the room and a cage of his own, in another corner, and there was a good sand-box in which they could all play or take turns in playing as they preferred.

One smaller kangaroo rat had been killed and eaten by one of the smaller grasshopper mice, who found a hole in its cage that I did not know about, but how the final fracas started, I never knew.

One morning I found Ony half-conscious, bloody, and very sick, sitting on the floor in a rough rounded heap. All the rest were in bed and fast asleep, but poor old Ony was about used up. I gave him some water, which he drank feverishly, then laid him gently in his own soft nest; but before night he died.

I examined him and found the skin over his whole back so full of little round holes that it looked like a sieve, and his back muscles were punctured and lacerated from his head to his tail.

Then I knew what had happened. Ony had tried to eat up the old, big kangaroo rat, whose method of fighting gave him all the advantage. He jumps over his opponent and kicks straight down with long daggerlike toe-nails, and lands well out of reach—a sort of rooster method of fighting that must have maddened Ony without giving him a show for retaliation.

The fight must have lasted for a long time to account for the hundreds of holes in Ony's back, but no sound was made by either, and in the morning the kangaroo rat, asleep in his nest, did not show a scratch. But poor old Ony had kept at it to a finish, without a whimper, and must have followed up and kept making the attacks, as the kangaroo rat had no spite against him, and was merely a good-natured vegetarian at his worst.

Hushing the New Giant Air-Liner

PASSENGERS aboard Germany's new flying-boat, the Dornier Do-S, sister craft of the Do-X, will ride through the skies in the comparative quiet of a Pullman car.

This result is due to the ingenuity of American sound-insulation engineers and U. S. Bureau of Standards experts, who for several years have been studying and perfecting methods of shutting the roar of powerful motors from the cabins of passenger planes. We read in a press bulletin:

Actually, passengers aboard the Do-S will travel in surroundings even quieter than the average sleeping-car, despite the fact that the big plane's dozen motors make 20 per cent. more noise than patrons of New York's noisy subways have to bear, according to Harvey B. Lindsay, Chicago insulation engineer, whose company supplied the material for shutting out a large part of the sound.

Passengers in the Do-S will have no trouble in conversing. In the ordinary cabin plane, conversation is possible but difficult; to be heard, voices must be raised considerably, and frequently sentences have to be repeated. Not so in the Do-S, where passengers can converse at ease within the average distances.

Builders of the Do-S followed the methods found best by the Bureau of Standards after experiments with more than forty different methods of sound-proofing. Within the cabin walls of the flying-boat, during its construction, were installed layers of dry-zero, a specially treated tropical fiber blanketed between coverings of light-weight muslin.

This blanket is only one-seventh the weight of cork and is capable of shutting out or absorbing about 40 per cent. of the noise passengers would otherwise hear. This is sufficient to bring noise within the cabin down to where ordinary conversational tones are audible to listeners.



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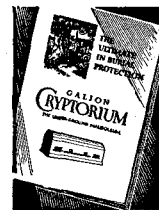
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THE LITERARY DIGEST Chickens and Children Thrive on the Shocks of Life

DO not try to shield your child from painful or unpleasant experiences, counsels a German psychologist. Prof. J. H. Schultz.

Writing in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, he declares that it is a good thing to have tragedy in our lives.

Many parents or teachers, he remarks, feel that the child's consciousness must be spared anything and everything in the nature of a wound or a shock or a blow—and this in order to insure the development of a free, fine and vital personality.

This recalls to his mind the experiment of Professor Schottelius, who held the chair of hygiene at Freiburg:

This investigator undertook through elaborate experiments to develop hens from whose organisms everything in the nature of bacterial effects would be eliminated.

The eggs were, to begin with, made free from germs and then deposited in germ-free brooders.

The birds themselves were nourished on germ-proof food in germ-proof runs.

There was here therefore a breed of fowls which from every bacteriological standpoint had been reared in healthful environments.

What was the result?

The creatures proved quite lacking in vitality.

They were inferior organisms.

THESE experiments show, declares Professor Schultz, that irritations, shocks, may indeed lead to disease symptoms, but that such shocks may actually promote vitality and facilitate survival. He goes on to point an analogy applicable to human life and child education:

They [the experiments] afford fresh experimental confirmation of the fundamental rule in all vital forms.

The living thing grows and strengthens through the medium of irritation, stimulus, service.

We term this fundamental law of life the process of exercise, growth through function.

The experience that shocks, wounds, irritates, has tragical implications, is in the average individual a stimulus to increase of capacity to serve, of efficiency.

This is especially true in the training of children.

Well as we may understand that in the bringing up of children prolonged brutality or loveless discipline must degrade and deform, it is no less perverted to go to the other extreme.

It is absurd to assume that a child can be properly prepared for the battle of life by rearing it in an atmosphere of consideration, of kindness, of freedom from shock.

This would lead to effeminaey, degeneracy.

The child, and the adolescent too, must have pressure, crisis, urge, necessity, unless he is to grow up into a mere pale flower in an unreal landscape.

It can not be too plainly set forth, and that too upon medical authority, that excessive anxiety to shield ourselves and those we love from stresses of painful experience is sheer hypochondria, a nervous dread itself.

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"More Air-Ports, Please," Says Lady Heath

BLACK CLOUDS WERE FORMING AHEAD of the plane. As the plucky aviatrix and her mechanic were crossing the Indiana-Illinois State line, head winds cut the craft's speed to a dangerous minimum.

Forked lightning "showed a vast thunder-storm—worst enemy of the flyer—reaching out in every direction, as far as the eye could see. Solid, dark gray clouds they were, thousands of feet high, and reaching down almost to the ground. Sharp, jagged flashes warned us to stop, look, and listen!" writes Lady Mary Heath, the celebrated flyer, in a copyrighted article in the *Washington Post*.

"Now we ran into the 'line squall,' a wind of great force that runs ahead of the actual storm. The farther we went the less I liked it. I have flown around a few thunder-storms. But when one can not do that, meteorologists have one word of advice for the air traveler: Land!"

Lady Heath is writing on "Woman and Her Place in Aviation." She comments as she continues the story of her adventure that when more women pilots have such experiences as hers there will be many more air-ports built.

And we continue:

Any valor that might have remained now vanished when I suddenly thought of my magnetos. In the electrically charged atmosphere they might cut out at any moment. With no sparks in its spark-plugs, the best of motors just chokes up and sputters into silence. We were now so low down, feeling our way under the clouds, that a cut-out would, to use the most expressive term I can think of, "completely cramp my style."

So I turned in a sharp bank and ran before the storm. In a few minutes a pleasant little village appeared beneath us. But no air-port, of course. Air-ports are so many miles away when you want one—like gas stations when your tank runs dry on highways that at other times seem fairly lined with them.

I saw a nice-looking field, with what seemed to be a good surface, and shelter near by. So down I dived, without doubt to the immense relief of my mechanic-passenger in front. The moment the wheels touched earth, Davis leapt out and ran beside me, as I turned and taxied toward the buildings.

I ran in among the haystacks near by, and turned into the wind, preparatory to leaving my steed tied down for the night. But just as the wings swung around the storm broke upon us. From a gusty wind it jumped to at least seventy miles an hour—a solid wall of rushing, roaring air!

Instantly it jerked my tiny craft out of Davis's grip. We were lifted aloft like nothing more than a bit of fluttering paper. Twenty feet we rose, straight up into the air. It seemed as tho my machine had decided to emulate the absurd little glider I had just flown at Cincinnati. But it didn't succeed.

THE plane "just sat back on its tail, and snap off that essential member as cleanly as an amputation." Then, Lady Heath's narrative runs on:

Perhaps, feeling the pain, it whipt over onto its back, the full force of the gale behind it.

I always try to protect the only head I have. I ducked it with great speed and accuracy into the little cockpit, while I reached for anything I could lay hands on.

It was lucky for me that I had taken no time to debate. For all four center-section struts now broke. The tank crashed down till it touched the back of my head. Had there been no space below, I most certainly would have "lost my head," or at least changed its contour.

As things settled down I peeped out of the aperture and called to Davis: "Shut off the gas!" I had quite forgotten that as the tank was now lower than the motor, fire hazard was but slight.

I climbed out and found no worse injuries than a pain in the head. But the poor little machine was worse damaged. We spent most of the night sloshing around in the long lush grass, taking the parts off. Davis called a truck and we packed the remains into it so that they might be hauled into Terre Haute and be put together again.

But there was an amusing side to it, as there usually is. About three minutes after going over, I was leaning against the gale and holding my damaged head, while I surveyed the sorry wreck.

There were spars and struts and twisted wires everywhere save where they belonged. Just then a farm-hand rushed up.

"Oh," he exclaimed in great excitement. "So you've landed in a airyplane! Will you be takin' off soon? And will you please take my wife? She's been wanting to go up."

I made no flying converts that time, for our take-off in the cold gray dawn was in a truck that might well have carried a sign, "No Springs." I'm certain that it missed no holes on the way to Terre Haute and breakfast for a bedraggled pair of bird-folk.

Had there been a near-by air-port, that ground-crash would not have occurred. Altho such storms move thirty or forty miles an hour, one has ample time to land safely—if there is something on which to land, within a few miles. In this great country of nearly 3,000,000 square miles, there are scarcely 1,000 air-fields in fair-to-good condition.

Yet there are 13,000 towns and cities of 2,000 or more population. Each community will soon have its air-port, just as every town strives to get on a railway. The airways can be run wherever the air-ports are built. And women will see that they are built! Remember how the women car-drivers demanded—and got—paved highways and streets?

Forced landings will lose almost all their hazards when there are well-kept air-ports everywhere. There is a movement, with strong backing, to put one every five miles along all the airways.

TURNING from this prediction of what women will do in flying, the writer sketches some of the things they have already done. She reminds us of Katherine Stinson—one of the earliest aviatrixes—who was in the air in 1912. She calls our attention to such famous contemporaries as the Lindberghs, the Omlies, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jensen. In conclusion, she adds that Mrs. Chang Wei-chang, wife of the Chinese pilot, has recently begun flying.

High Cookery

COOKING IS DIFFERENT ON A MOUNTAIN TOP.

She who is a good cook on the Atlantic coast will find that her rules fail to work when she is 10,000 feet up.

There is less atmosphere overhead at that height; it presses down less; liquids boil at a lower temperature and bread and cakes "rise" more quickly.

The necessary adjustments to meet these altered conditions are indicated in an article entitled "Dining on High," contributed to the *New York Herald Tribune* by Miriam J. Williams, extension nutritionist of the Colorado Agricultural College. She writes:

"Where kitchen windows frame a view of lofty snowcapped peaks, the sisters of the skillet cook a little differently from their friends of lower levels. High altitude brings with it problems of adjusting recipes and cooking schedules.

"There is an inner secret circle into which the cook is initiated only when she ventures into mountainous country. Members of this group have either been born to it or have learned by experience and perseverance the secret of high-altitude cooking. If all the Colorado cake failures could be stretched out end to end, there would be a long row of disappointments, sad tribute to the unseen and heretofore unrecognized wizard of culinary success—air-pressure.

"The accepted boiling temperature, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, is never reached in Colorado, since vaporization or boiling takes place before such a high temperature is reached. At Denver and Fort Collins (both about 5,000 feet in altitude) the boiling temperature is 202 degrees Fahrenheit. We must cook vegetables and other foods longer. Especially in canning must we be cautious.

"Again, in making cakes, muffins, biscuits, a new set of rules must be learned. Batters and doughs depend for lightness upon the support which air gives to their expanding walls. The structure of these cell walls must differ in mile-high areas from sea-level batters and doughs, since the pressure of air lightens as we climb upward.

"Two years of research as to just what these changes should be, have been carried on at Colorado Agricultural College. Their results show that the amount of baking powder needed is decreased at a definitely worked-out ratio for each raise in altitude, and that the amount of fat and sugar in cake batters should be altered with each appreciable change in atmospheric pressure. A unique laboratory was constructed in which it was possible to alter atmospheric conditions to approximate those from sea level to 10,000 feet.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Chilling Effect of the World's "Frozen" Gold

THE TROUBLE WITH GOLD is that it is tied up largely in certain countries, while the rest of the world goes without.

"Maldistribution" is the word the financial writers like to use as they contemplate three-quarters of the world's monetary gold "frozen" in the bank-vaults of France and the United States.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, discussing the recent British suspension of the gold standard, has suggested an international conference to consider the distribution of the world's gold supply. And the London correspondent of the *New York Times* believes that suggestions like these will continue to emanate from London until they are adopted. It is the British opinion that there must be some international understanding among the countries adhering to the gold standard, "as to how it shall be operated to facilitate the world's business transactions, and not be allowed to hamper them."

Here is the United States with gold coming in at the rate of something like \$30,000,000 a month until our total supply is now around the five-billion-dollar mark. Last year we absorbed the equivalent of the world's entire new production of gold for the year, and France has in recent years been piling up gold in the same way.

This, as a writer of the *New York Evening Post* points out, has the unfortunate effect of making France and the United States "the only two countries of major importance that are not engaged in a constant struggle to keep their holdings sufficient to support satisfactorily their monetary and banking systems."

It seems to the *Atlanta Constitution* that the financiers of the world all agree "that the United States and France must deploy their stocks of gold more evenly among the nations if a world-wide financial débâcle is to be escaped." Walter Lippmann says on this point in one of his *New York Herald Tribune* articles:

It is obvious that if the world is to return to a gold standard, the two countries must agree on how it is to be done.

Neither can engineer a new stabilization of the currencies by itself, and if the two work at cross-purposes it can not be done at all. I do not mean that they can or should dictate a monetary policy to the rest of mankind.

I mean that no monetary policy for the world is possible without the most cordial understanding between the governments and the banks in France and America.

THERE are a number of reasons for the accumulation of gold in the United States and in France, explains the Alexander Hamilton Institute in its *Business Conditions Weekly*:

The principal cause is the favorable balance of payments of these countries and the cessation of the international flow of capital. Under normal conditions the United States is a large lender of long-term capital.

Through these loans, foreign debtor countries are not only enabled to pay their debts for imports from the United States, but also to meet part of their debt service due to the United States.

At the present time, however, due to the fact that foreign loans publicly offered have sharply decreased, foreign debtor nations, in order to pay for their imports and to meet their international debt service, are forced to ship large quantities of gold.

What was said about the United States applies equally to France. Altho France has had an unfavorable trade balance for a number of years, and altho the excess of imports over exports is continuously growing, this is more than offset by the invisible exports of France. Among these are represented reparations payments, tourists' expenditures and earnings of French investments abroad.

In addition to the unfavorable balance of payments which confronts a number of countries, the present political and economic unrest is also a cause for the inflow of funds to the United States and France.

It is a well-known fact that a flight of capital has taken place not only from Germany but also from a number of other continental countries, and that the political uncertainties prevailing in South America have resulted in a large outflow of funds from these countries. Thus, there is the anomaly of countries which are in great need of funds transferring part of their liquid reserves to countries which are already suffering from a plethora of money.

This maldistribution naturally affects credit and economic conditions everywhere. The decrease in the stock of gold narrows the credit base. And in countries where this has taken place, interest rates are abnormally high, while "in countries which have an excess supply of gold, the credit base has been broadened and interest rates are abnormally low."

Now "under normal conditions, the low interest rates in one country would invariably lead to an outflow of gold to countries

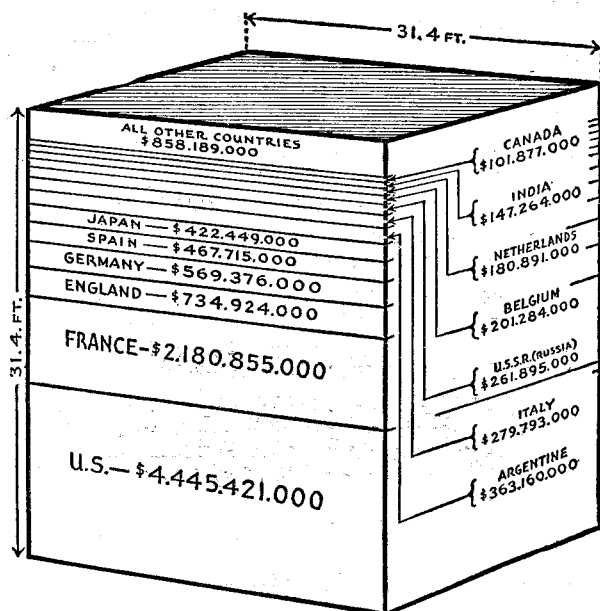
where interest rates are higher." But with the great confidence crisis of to-day, we have the abnormal condition of an inflow of gold from the high-interest-rate countries into the low-interest-rate countries. And, "so long as this situation lasts, equitable redistribution of the monetary stock of gold can not be expected."

An implication by Chancellor Snowden that France and the United States had been deliberately hoarding gold at the expense of the rest of the world, is found by the *New York Herald Tribune* in one of the Chancellor's recent speeches in Parliament. The *New York paper* insists that precisely the reverse is true:

Gold has flowed away from England and toward France and the United States not as a result of efforts at these centers to attract such a flow, but in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the central banking authorities to discourage imports and to expel some part of their huge reserves.

THE maldistribution of gold is the cause of an enormous amount of criticism of the gold standard, notes Theodore M. Knappen in *The Magazine of Wall Street*. If the gold standard does not function, "we may expect the passing of gold as the sole international monetary standard and medium of exchange." We might have bimetalism or a money base other than gold or silver.

This writer thinks the chances are that the gold standard "will slowly resume its job, but the experience of the last few years



From *The Magazine of Wall Street*

All the Gold in the World

All the monetary gold in the world could be fused into a cube 31.4 feet on a side, weighing 18,600 tons and worth \$11,215,033,000. The figures showing the proportionate shares of gold held by the leading countries are from the July report of the Federal Reserve Board. Holdings of France and the United States have since increased.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

suggests that there ought to be brains enough in the world to keep the system working at the top notch of efficiency." It has been suggested, we read, that the world bank at Basle might be made into an international bank for handling the gold reserves of the world much as our Federal Reserve does for the United States.

"Some major agency to borrow money in countries where money is cheap, as in the United States, and lend it where it is dear, as in England, is certainly a crying need if world trade is ever to come out of its present despond," remark the Cambridge Associates, of Boston. But "the surest solution to make everybody happy would be the discovery of another Klondike or another Rand," concludes *The American Banker*.

We Are Not Slowing Up

THERE IS ONE LITTLE ITEM of news that David Dillman of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* insists is a great deal more important than columns of statistics about slow business in steel and smaller railroad income and lower wholesale prices and the like.

It is just a little item telling about new speed limits on Chicago boulevards—"how the '27 model could do 45 miles an hour on the Outer Drive with impunity, if at all; 40 miles on through streets, and 35 miles on park drives."

This means that our life is still speeding up instead of slowing up, and business is bound to speed up with it. As Mr. Dillman puts it in his column in the Chicago paper:

If that item were radioed up to Mars or some such remote spot where the only impression of conditions in the United States has been obtained from the dismal trade statistics, it would have been quite a shock. "What does this mean?" they would have asked. "We thought the world was reverting to the ox-cart. Some of the people down there certainly must have thought so to hear them talk of 1837, '73 and '93, as tho those days were returning."

The news may not have meant much to Chicagoans, but there is a real meaning in it, "because nothing more genuinely characterizes the tempo of the era than the automobile":

The prevailing spirit of the times is exprest in this speed, and it is only necessary to refer to the State traffic code to realize how far this has gone in the present generation.

The statutes still carry twenty miles an hour for the speed limit in incorporated villages, and that was about as high as a speedometer needed to be graduated twenty years ago.

Just try to gear the automobile down to that to-day.

And yet a great many people would have us believe that the rest of our activities are to be slowed down to an equivalent basis.

That is not so.

We will have to live with and up to forty-five miles an hour, and no one knows how much more. That is the permanent part of life, while the 30 per cent. operations in the steel mills is a transient thing to be forgotten within the next few years as completely as 20 per cent. operations in 1921 were forgotten in 1929.

Living standards are receding from the artificial levels of a few years back, it is true, but, as one man put it the other day, "isn't it a comfort to wear an old suit occasionally and have a new one saved for Sunday? Isn't it a relief to get away from the forced excesses of extravagance, to smoke a 'good' cigar, instead of a 'fifty-center'?"

The problem to-day is not one of protecting the living standard of the people as a whole. That will take care of itself. Taking care of the unfortunates who have been forced off any standard at all by unemployment is the big thing.

It is noticeable how frequently of late one hears reference to distribution of employment opportunity, fewer hours for the individual and hours for more individuals, four-hour days, and five-day weeks. A great many good men think something like this will preserve the forty-five miles an hour standard of living and still give it to all the people.

AND it is interesting to note the editorial reflections of *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* on the new pace set for human effort by airplane speed records, new fast railroad runs in England, and the speeding up of communications by the use of airplanes and improvement in telegraph and telephone service. Because of this speeding up, "rapid thought, quick and sound judgment, coupled with prompt action, are indispensable to those who would succeed in the business world of to-day."

Two Years of the Bear Market

A FLOOD OF REMINISCENCE over the second anniversary of the market break of 1929 has been running over into the Wall Street columns of the New York papers. September 19, 1929, is generally set as the date of the maximum stock prices of the so-called "Coolidge bull market." After the price averages reached the maximum on this date, the big crash held off for some time. As Eugene M. Lokey recalls in the *New York Times*:

After a preliminary reaction of about five days, the first wide-open break occurred on September 27, when the combined average of the *New York Times* fell \$7.08. By October 3 the market was slipping so fast that the average lost \$11.02; on October 15 it fell \$7.53; on October 19, \$7.15, and on October 23, \$18.24. On October 28, the shrinkage was \$29.22—the widest break in the whole convulsive decline—and on November 6 there was another break of \$24.66, while on November 13, when the bottom for that reaction was reached, the liquidating movement exhausted itself with a final dip of \$9.31.

It is ironic as well as dramatic, say the Wall Street commentators, that the second anniversary of the high point of the 1929 bull market should see prices fall to the lowest figure of the bear market, and, indeed, to the lowest basis since 1924. The combined average of fifty stocks selected by the *New York Times* touched \$311.90 on September 19, 1929. By November 13, 1929, the price of the same stocks had dropt to \$166.15. On September 19 of this year the average at closing was \$101.30.

Taking the aggregate value of all listed stocks on the New York Exchange, there has been a shrinkage of more than 60 per cent. during these two years, we read on, or a depreciation of approximately \$50,000,000,000. The average price of all listed stocks has shrunk from \$83.06 to a figure somewhat below \$33.93 (the September 1 figure).

The decrease of values has been most noticeable in the case of the high-priced stocks. For instance, we read:

United States Steel closed September 19 at 75¼, or 186½ points under the maximum price of 1929. Allied Chemical at close on September 19 was down 263 points; American Telephone, 170 points; Air Reduction, 153¾ points; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, 190¾; Central Railroad of New Jersey, 225, and Delaware & Hudson, 130.

And, of course, there have been sweeping reductions in dividends:

The common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, which is the traditional market leader, is on a \$4 annual basis as compared with \$7 formerly, New York Central \$4 as compared with \$8, Illinois Central \$4 as compared with \$7, Baltimore & Ohio \$5 against \$7, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western \$4 against \$6, Bethlehem Steel \$2 against \$6, and Studebaker Corporation \$1.20 against \$5.

WHEN it comes to earnings, Ernst & Ernst figures for 342 industrial corporations for the six months ending July 30, last, "show that they earned 70.45 per cent. less than in a similar period of 1929, and 60.08 per cent. less than in 1928; the contraction has been greater in railroad earnings and smaller in utilities."

Of course, Stock Exchange seats are not as valuable as they were two years ago. A seat recently sold for \$185,000, whereas seats actually sold in 1929 as high as \$625,000.

In connection with the anniversary, a *Times* writer remarks:

It is significant that market commentators two years ago saw little peril in the prices which then prevailed, and there was little discussion of impending business depression, altho the peak of business activity had been established in June of that year. Instead, the fears of the financial community were lulled with the thought that tremendous reserve buying power remained in the hands of the investing public and the investment trusts, and that this purchasing power would be unleashed on any minor reaction in the stock market.

The same newspaper presents a list of forty leading industrial and twenty-seven railway stocks showing high prices of 1929 as compared with closing prices on September 19, 1931:

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

	High 1929	Close Sat., Sept. 19 1931
Air Reduction.....	223 3/4	69 3/4
Allied Chem. & Dye.....	354 3/4	92
American Can.....	184 1/2	80 3/4
Amer. Smelt. & Ref. new.....	130 1/4	22 1/2
Amer. Tel. & Tel.....	310 1/4	140 3/4
Anaconda Copper new.....	140	17 1/4
Bethlehem Steel.....	140 3/4	33 3/4
Byers (A. M.) Co.....	192 3/4	18 3/4
Case (J. I.) Co.....	509	44 1/4
Chrysler Corp.....	135	15 1/4
Coca-Cola.....	154 1/2	128 1/2
Columbian Carbon.....	344	51
Cons. Gas.....	183 1/4	76 1/4
Du Pont new.....	231	69 3/4
Eastman Kodak.....	264 3/4	116
General Elec. new.....	63 1/4	31 1/4
General Motors new.....	91 3/4	29 1/4
Ingersoll Rand.....	233 1/4	70
Inter. Business Mach.....	255	128 3/4
Inter. Harvester.....	142	29
Inter. Tel. & Tel. new.....	149 1/4	17 3/4
Johns-Manville.....	242 3/4	40 1/4
Macy (R. H.) & Co.....	255 1/2	68
Montgomery Ward.....	156 1/4	13 1/4
Public Service of N. J.....	137 3/4	68
Radio Corp new.....	114 3/4	13 1/2
Safeway Stores.....	195 3/4	51 3/4
Sears Roebuck.....	181	45 1/4
Simmons Co.....	188	11 1/2
Standard Gas & Elec.....	243 3/4	45 3/4
Stone & Webster.....	201 1/2	19 3/4
Union Carb. & Carb. new.....	140	42
Underwood-El-Fischer.....	181 3/4	32 3/4
United Aircraft & Trans.....	163 3/4	18 3/4
U. S. Steel new.....	261 3/4	75 1/4
Vanadium Corp.....	116 1/2	19 3/4
Western Union Tel.....	272 3/4	95 1/4
Westinghouse El. & Mfg.....	292 3/4	46 1/2
Woolworth (F. W.) new.....	103 3/4	54
Worthington Pump.....	137 3/4	28 3/4

RAILROAD STOCKS

	High 1929	Close Sat. Sept. 19 1931
Atch. Topeka & S. Fe.....	298 3/4	108
Baltimore & Ohio.....	145 1/4	33 1/4
Chicago & Northwest.....	108 1/2	16
Chicago, Rock Island.....	143 1/2	25 1/2
Delaware & Hudson.....	226	100
Del. Lack & Western.....	169 3/4	30 1/2
Erie Railroad.....	93 1/2	11 1/4
Great Northern pf.....	128 1/4	28 3/4
Illinois Central.....	153 1/2	28 1/2
Lehigh Valley.....	102 1/4	22 1/4
Mo. Kansas & Texas.....	65 3/4	7 3/4
Missouri Pacific.....	101 3/4	12 1/4
New York Central.....	256 1/2	59 3/4
N. Y., N. H. & H.....	132 1/2	40 1/2
Norfolk & Western.....	290	127 1/2
Northern Pacific.....	118 3/4	25 3/4
Pennsylvania.....	110	31 3/4
Pere Marquette.....	260	*25
Reading.....	147 3/4	48 1/2
St. Louis & San Fran.....	133 3/4	9
St. L. & Southwestern.....	115 3/4	10 3/4
Southern Pacific.....	157 1/2	58 1/2
Southern Railway.....	16 1/2	17 3/4
Texas & Pacific.....	181	*50 1/4
Union Pacific.....	297 3/4	113
Wabash.....	81 3/4	6
Western Maryland.....	54	7 3/4

*Last sale.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION (Continued)

To-Morrow's Train

ITS OUTSIDE WILL BE DESIGNED for greater speed, its inside for greater comfort, predicts Egmont Arens, writing in *Advertising Arts* (New York).

With the possibility of 120 miles per hour, and with more minute attention to the comfort of passengers, the railroads may win back much of the travel that they have lost and are still losing.

First, he would put the engineer at the front of the locomotive, "where he can see the track." So, he goes on:

"We might as well begin redesigning our train at the front, where we will put two windows for eyes, heated by embedded electrical wires against ice, wiped, when necessary, by rotary windshield wipers.

"The engineer sits comfortably in an airplane-type seat, and before him, on an instrument board, are the automatic controls of his superpower engine.

"Electric-light signals flash 'all aboard' only when all doors of the train are shut. Up above are the two mirrors of his periscopes, so that he can actually see that all is safe and well to the rear of his train without ever turning his head.

"He touches the control with his finger-tips. The long train moves softly and smoothly, and in a twinkling attains a speed of 120 miles an hour."

IMPOSSIBLE? Not at all,

says Mr. Arens. If a Henry Ford of railroading were to command his engineering staff to-morrow morning to lay plans for a train to make the run from New York to Chicago in ten hours, they could set to work with plenty of engineering precedent upon which to base their calculations. He explains:

"One of the first things that they would think of is wind resistance. They would probably call in Dr. O. G. Tietjens, of Westinghouse, who has been experimenting with streamline locomotive models in a wind tunnel. They would no doubt examine the plans of England's 'hush-hush' engine, sheathed and streamlined for economical speed between London and Scotland, and they would investigate Professor Kruckenberg's cigar-shaped aero-express locomotive in Germany, which runs well over a hundred miles an hour. They would redesign existing rolling stock to eliminate all possible air resistances and suction throughout the length of the train. Windows would be flush with the outsides, without sills, and hermetically sealed—bellows between cars flush with the outside to eliminate air pockets. The observation-car would have roof and sides of curved shatter-proof glass, and taper off at the rear like the tail of a fish—or like Colonel Segrave's racing automobile.

"It would be impossible to attain the great speed demanded without appreciably lessening the weight of the entire train. So our engineers would specify aluminum alloy construction throughout the whole. Another advantage of aluminum construction is the possibility of lowering the center of gravity, thus lessening the danger of tipping and derailment. With lighter weight, faster stops and starts can be made, and the wear and tear on rail equipment is greatly reduced. Lastly, external walls of aluminum have the advantage of reflecting 17 per cent. of the sun's heat, a great aid in regulating temperatures within the cars.

"The development of the new Packard Diesel airplane engine and the Diesel locomotives by the New York Central give some indication of the kind of motive power that will be employed in the train of to-morrow. At any rate, there will be no smokestack. If coal or oil is used for fuel, the smoke will be carried in a

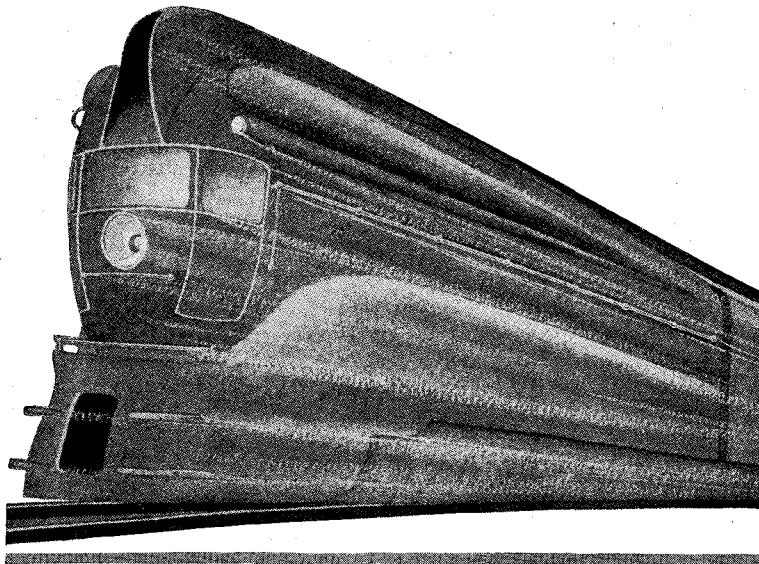
V-shaped channel along the top of the boiler, and discharged well to the rear of the operator.

"Let's sketch roughly some of the most obvious improvements in the train interiors. The first and most important is a proper temperature and humidity. The consumer engineer has a positive abhorrence of consumer dissatisfactions, and one of his first decrees would be to install weather-conditioning machines in every train in the system.

"In the train of the future all windows would be hermetically sealed, and winter or summer the cars would be permeated by the balmy June weather. If the railroads were to provide such ideal conditions for their patrons, higher rates would not seem so preposterous, and nobody would ride in an automobile if he could possibly get to his destination by train. The idea of 'manufactured weather' is not a new one, yet it was not until

this spring that a single railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio, saw its possibilities and made an experimental installation.

"In the last few years Europe has pulled far ahead of America in the matter of the decoration of its de luxe trains."



An Artist's Dream of To-Morrow's Train

"Railroad prosperity might be extended for many years to come if artistic imagination and engineering skill were wedded to make them really up to date as regards speed, economy, comfort, and beauty.

PROF. JOSEPH HOFFMAN, pioneer of the new decoration in Austria, has been commissioned by the Austrian Government to "create" a thoroughly modern train inside and out. The plan is to scrap all precedent, and make that train as comfortable and beautiful as possible. This is the most thoroughgoing consumer engineering job yet attempted! How shall we duplicate it?

"The first job in the Pullman would be to redesign the seats so that they would be easy to sit in. The new permanent partitions between the sections would be retained to insure greater privacy, and this feature would be incorporated into the architecture of the car. The old mahogany dark paneled woods would be entirely eliminated. Instead, light neutral colors would be introduced, to give an air of spaciousness, restfulness, and luxurious well-being. The glaring ceiling lights would be eliminated, and in their stead would be substituted the much more pleasing indirect lighting, supplemented by individual special lighting for each passenger's reading.

"In the dining-car we would probably carry out the color scheme which is indicated by the aluminum construction of the cars. The overhead lighting is indirect. Dishes, glassware, and silver are especially designed to harmonize with the color scheme of the car.

"Club cars are carried at great expense to provide added comfort and luxuriousness. Yet invariably they are dull, stuffy, and neither very comfortable nor very pleasing in arrangement. Here the passengers could be treated to something that they will go home and talk about. Instead of the usual lounges and chairs strung along the wall, furniture would be designed in informal groups so as to offset the mechanical regularity that of necessity rules the rest of the train. The seats would be well upholstered with overstuffed cushions. Since the windows are hermetically sealed, there would be narrow uprights, so that the entire car becomes almost a glass-enclosed observation-car.

"Various devices for the amusement and refreshment of the passengers might be provided: soda fountain, built-in radio, television, telephone connected by wireless to the great wire telephone systems (already an accomplishment on the Canadian National Railways), wireless news ticker, etc.

"Those are some of the outlines of what the train of to-morrow might be if consumer engineering were introduced into railroad practise. It isn't very hard to see that railroad prosperity might be extended for many years to come if artistic imagination and engineering skill were wedded to make them really up to date as regards speed, economy, comfort, and beauty."

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Prefers Solos.—MRS. FLATT—"That girl across the hall has a singular voice."

HUSBAND (*fervently*)—"Thank heaven it isn't plural."—*Boston Transcript*.

Blow to Agriculture.—"Were the farmers out your way hard hit by the storm?"

"Were they! Filling-station receipts fell off 50 per cent."—*Stray Bits*.

Exit Cue.—VISITOR—"Do you like reciting, dear?"

CHILD—"Oh, no, I hate it, really. But Mummy makes me do it when she wants people to go."—*Western Daily Mail*.

Pole-Vaulting Also N. G.—"Convicts should be allowed to go in for all kinds of athletics," we read. With the possible exception of cross-country running. —*The Humorist (London)*.

¼, We'll Say.—

MAD HATTER
The Empress Eugénie
Was surely a meanie
For covering only
¾ of the beanie.
—*Judge*.

No Thumbs Down.
—"Bothered much by hitchhikers when you're out riding?"

"Not now. Tried a new plan. As soon as I get out of town I show the sign 'Taxi' on my car."—*Boston Transcript*.

Sore Subject.—
MRS. KNAGG (with magazine)—"It says here that a South Sea Island wife isn't supposed to talk until her husband speaks first."
KNAGG—"I'll bet some of those husbands are fools enough to do it."—*Answers (London)*.

Cross Your Fingers, Too.—
Red-headed woodpecker tappin' on a tree,
Oh, Ca'line, won't you come an' marry me?

Whar our weddin' supper gwine to be?
In de moonlight under de ole oak tree.

Dat woodpecker gimme a sign dat's good—
'Fo I marries I bettah knock on wood.
—*Phil H. Armstrong, in the Florida Times-Union*.

Next!—

There was a young gal from Ky.
Who was pretty and jolly and plky.
She could climb up a hill
And capture a still
If the shiner escaped he was lky.
—*Florida Times-Union*.

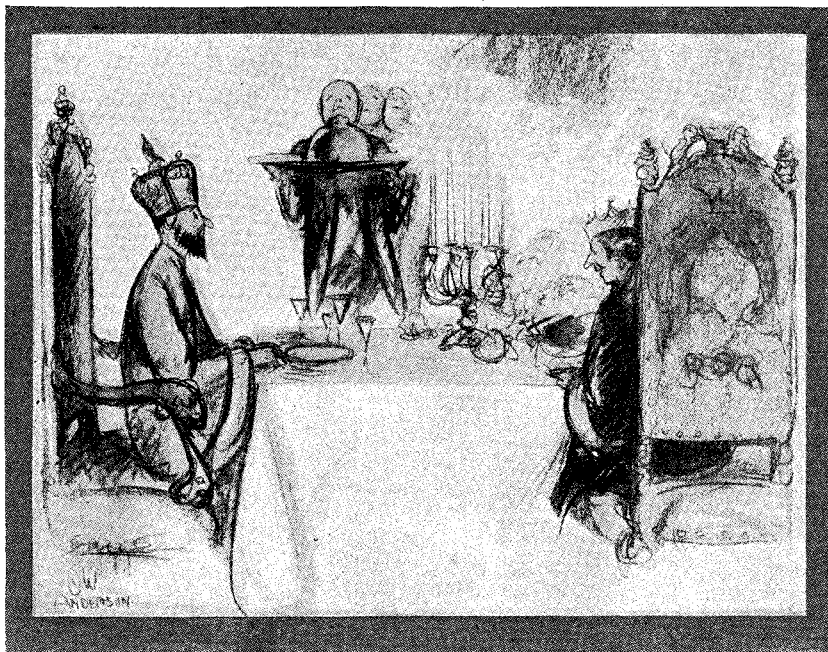
An old maid who lived in Mo.
Was summoned to serve on the jo.
She vowed she'd not serve—
Said the Sheriff had nerve,
And on him she vented her fo.
—*Umatilla Tribune*.

Knows Her Job.—LITTLE GIRL (to playmate)—"So long, Elsie, momma's giving a party and I gotta go home and make precocious remarks."—*College Humor*.

Duly Qualified.—MAGNATE—"The man who marries my daughter will want a lot of money."

SUITOR (hopefully)—"Well, sir, nobody wants it more than I do."—*Humorist*.

Tuning in on Heaven.—We haven't any really constructive suggestions for the cure of our national tendencies to leave the narrow path, but sometimes we think that an amplifier for the voice of conscience wouldn't do any harm.—*Boston Herald*.



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"A surprize for you, darling—chicken a la king."

—"Life."

Rubbing It In.—A news item informs us that "Cincinnati, the only American city named after a Roman hero, is to receive a gift of a bronze wolf from Rome."

Aren't we seeing enough of the wolf these days without having bronze replicas presented to us?—*Boston Transcript*.

More Autobiographies.—

Gone, oh, quite
Is X. L. Scott;
He was tight,
His brakes were not.

—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun*.

Weep a bit
For Z. B. Lott;
He was lit—
His lights were not.

—*J. D. S. in the Macon Telegraph*.

Shed some tears
For Y. K. Mott;
He had air—
His tires had not.

—*Carey Williams in the Greensboro Herald-Journal*.

Left on the road
Was Major Bott;
He was full—
His tank was not.

—*James Wells in the Dalton Citizen*.

Slips That Pass in the Night

Oh, Yeah?—Motor Boat for sale. Three horse-power, minus motor, good running condition.—*Petersburg (Va.) paper*.

Must Have Been a Cockney—He seized her by the air and pulled her head back over the seat.—*Dallas Times-Herald*.

Don't We All?—Situated on the banks of Lincoln creek, the mill draws its power from a dame.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Shoes Tight, Crown Loose.—Doeg was far from impressive against Herndon. His shoes did not come off any too well, and he did not look like a champion.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

Quite a Surprise.—

The dead man flew at him when he was being hoisted into the patrol and Kowaleski was bitten first in the leg and then badly in the left hand.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union*.

Jazzing the Atlas.—

"Stormy Pete" left this port about six months ago, sailing south and cutting through the Straits of Magellan, and then heading directly across the South Atlantic, to Cape Horn.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Making Success Certain.—

Chicago day at the Illinois State fair will be the signal for

an enthusiastic rally of Democrats from throughout the State, primed with political artillery set at long range for a victory at the polls in 1932.—*Springfield (Ill.) State Journal*.

Easy Victim.—

MURDER OF A MIDGET by Martin Joseph Freeman
—*Book News (Philadelphia)*.

Read It As You Please.—

WALKER GOES TO NICE
STILL IN QUEST OF REST
—*Rochester Times-Union*.

Ten Strike.—

PIN HEAD REELECTED
Adam W— was reelected president of the Sheboygan Bowling association for the coming season.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

What Ponce de Leon Missed.—William Muldoon, chairman of the State boxing commission, was measured for a suit forty-two years ago. That was the last time. Since then the same tailor has been making his suits from those same measurements. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 196 pounds. He is thirty-six.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.